

The New-York



HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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\$5.00 A YEAR.
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STEINWAY & SONS'

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT:

PIANOFORTES

are now acknowledged the best instruments in America, as well as in Europe, having taken thirty-five first premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the principal fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, for

Powerful, Clear, Brilliant, and Sympathetic Tone, with excellence of workmanship, as shown in grand and square pianos.

There were 260 Pianos, from all parts of the world, entered for competition, and the special correspondent of *The Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' instruments by the jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker." "This greatest triumph of American Pianofortes in England has caused a sensation in musical circles throughout the continent, and as a result, the Messrs. Steinway are in constant receipt of orders from Europe, thus inaugurating a new phase in the history of American Pianofortes, by creating in them an article of export."

Every Steinway Pianoforte is Warranted for Five Years.

"Among the many and most valuable improvements introduced by Messrs. Steinway & Sons in their Pianofortes, THE SPECIAL ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS is directed to their

PATENT AGRAFFE ARRANGEMENT.

(For which letters patent were granted to them Nov. 20, 1859.)
The value and importance of this invention having been practically tested, since that time by Steinway & Sons, in all their Grand and highest-priced Square Pianofortes, and admitted to be the greatest improvement of modern times, they now announce that hereafter their "Patent Agraffe Arrangement" will be introduced in every Pianoforte manufactured by them, without increase of cost to the purchaser, in order that all their patrons may reap the full advantage of this great improvement.

Testimonial of the most distinguished Artists to Steinway & Sons: The Pianofortes, Grand, Square, and Upright, manufactured by Messrs. Steinway & Sons, have established for themselves so world-wide a reputation that it is hardly possible for us to add anything to their just fame.

Having thoroughly tested and tried these instruments personally for years, both in public and private, it becomes our pleasant duty to express our candid opinion regarding their unquestioned superiority over every other piano known to us.

Among the chief points of the wonderful qualities of the Steinway Pianos are:
Greatest possible depth, richness, and volume of tone, combined with a rare brilliancy, clearness, and perfect evenness throughout the entire scale, and above all, a surprising duration of sound, the pure and sympathetic quality of which never changes under the most delicate or powerful touch.

This peculiarity is found exclusively in the Steinway Piano, and together with the matchless precision, elasticity, and promptness of action always characteristic of these instruments, as well as their unequalled durability under the severest trials, is truly surprising, and claims at once the admiration of every artist. We therefore consider the Steinway Piano in all respects the best instrument made in this country or in Europe, use them solely and exclusively ourselves in public or private, and recommend them invariably to our friends and the public.

We have at different times expressed our opinion regarding the Pianos of various makers, but freely and unhesitatingly pronounce Messrs. Steinway & Sons' Pianos superior to them all.

Wm. Mason, A. H. Pease, Thos. Emmett, S. B. Mills, Robert Heller, C. H. Johnson, Herbert Goldbeck, Wm. Briggs, Max Marthe, Harry C. Timm, E. Muro, Carl Wolpoff, Geo. W. Morgan, F. Brander, D. Wolpoff, Thos. Thomas, F. Brander, F. von Bruckner, Thos. Morgan, Chas. Wells, F. von Bruckner.

Letter from the Artists of the Italian and German Opera, and other Celebrated Vocalists
New York, December, 1864.
Messrs. Steinway & Sons—Gentlemen:—Having used your Pianos for some time in public and in private, we desire to express our unqualified admiration in regard to their merits.

We find in them excellencies which no other Pianos known to us possess to the same perfection. They are characterized by a sonorous, harmonious roundness and richness of tone, combined with an absorbing prolongation of sound, most beautifully blending with and supporting the voice, to a degree that leaves nothing to be desired. Indeed, we have never met with any instrument, not even of the most celebrated manufactories of Europe, which have given us such entire satisfaction, especially as regards their unequalled qualities for accompanying the voice, and keeping in tune so long a time, as your Pianos; and we therefore cheerfully recommend them above all others to students of Vocal music and to the public generally.

MAX MARCHEL, CARL BERNHARD, CARL ARSCHUTZ, D. MARCHESI, ELENA D'ARON, KARL FOMER, FRED. BELLINI, PEDRO DE ABELLA, THOS. HABELMAN, W. LOTTE, E. MILLER, FRANK HIMMER, JO. WERNICH, F. MARSDEN, JOH. HENNING, D. B. LOREN, GUERRIERO TALARDO, BERTHA JOHANNES, G. BOCCCHI, INDOR LEMAR, MARIA FERNANDEZ, MISS J. VAN ZANT, H. STEINBECK, PAULINE CAMERL.

Letter from the Eminent Musician and Celebrated Composer of "Wien the Beautiful Home of Art," FRANZ ABT
BREMEN (Germany), September 10, 1860.
Messrs. Steinway & Sons—Gentlemen:—A short time ago I had occasion of meeting with, and trying one of your Patent Overstrung Grand Concert Pianos, which had been brought here by Mr. Heinebach, of Philadelphia, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you my unqualified admiration. There are no other instruments known to me which could excel yours; with respect to fullness of tone, I have never met with their equal. Such power of the base, and roundness of the middle tones, such softness and clearness of the upper notes, and with such complete uniformity of the various octaves, I have, so far, never met in any instrument, not even in any of the most celebrated manufactories of Europe. The elasticity of touch is most surprising, and it may be taken as a sure evidence of the retentiveness of tone, that in spite of the distant transportation from Philadelphia to this place, there was not one string out of tune. I am satisfied that these instruments will soon take the lead of all other makes, and I wish from my heart that you may continue to labor for the benefit of Art, for many years.

Very respectfully yours,
HENRY WARD BEECHER

From "A Discourse on Pianos," by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.
N. Y. Independence, Dec. 1, 1865.
Upon a lucky day, a Steinway Piano stood in our parlor. For power, fulness, richness, and evenness of tone, it was admirable; nor do we believe we could better in our choice. In our summer home it stands yet, a musical angel; and our wish is that the day may come when every working man in America may have a good Steinway Piano.

WAMBUUM, No. 11 and 13 EAST FOURTEENTH Street between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

From "The Temple Bar." FUSS AND FEATHERS.

Birds are but insignificant animals when stripped of their feathers. A majestic old owl, that puffed himself out into quite a grandiose picture of solidity as he hoots at the moon and complains of the law of revolution, when plucked bare and shown in all his nakedness, is of little more substantiality than the miserable mouseling he bolted for his supper. Like majesty deprived of its externals, he becomes a jest and a sorry one; his chief social importance springing from those deceptive feathers of his, which make him a judge before he is an executioner. What would an ostrich be but for those dusky plumes on his tail, and his back, and his wings? An ugly, long-legged hybrid, half beast, half bird; too tough to eat, too wild to drive; with a faculty for sticking his head into the sand, and a capacity for digesting old iron—that is all. Good for nothing in the economic world of man, he would be an unmitigated nuisance were it not for that favorable arrangement of vane and barbule, which a little soap and water, sulphur, dyes, or lemon juice, makes fit for the state toilette of a queen.

So with other birds with flesh not fit for the sublime shroud of bread-crumbs, and with common-place larynxes not entitling them to the honorable captivity of a wire cage; so of eider-down ducks, which are not the canvas-backed; so of humming-birds, and they of paradise; so of parrots, and lories, and amadavats, and kingfishers; so of gold and silver pheasants parading proudly in my lord's private park, and showing off their feathers at the cost of so much a day; so of tough old peacocks biting off your best flower-buds, and screaming horribly for twelve hours out of the twenty-four, but trailing gorgeous tails that make the rainbows rather dull; so of tender-tinted doves, the greatest humbugs of creation; so of stilted flamingoes; so of many other of the plumed brethren housed in Regent's Park. But for their fuss and feathers what would they be but so many patent food-consumers, keeping down the surplus population of grubs and vermin? Make them all of a dingy grey or rusty russet brown, and where would be the public enthusiasm then? Down to zero, and the science of ornithology no more fashionable than that of donkeyology, and feathers of no more value than rat's fur or sparrow's tails.

Fuss and feathers do marvellous work, not only in the Zoological Gardens, but throughout the wide world generally, and under all manner of conditions. What makes kings great, and princes to be regarded as of a superior order of humanity? Intrinsic qualities or extrinsic trappings? Bone and muscle, or fuss and feathers? The question scarcely admits of a hitch in the answering. Take a narrow-headed, small-chinned, small-hearted monarch, king or queen, as the case may be, professedly owner of armies, keeper of treasures, ruler of peoples, giver of laws, arbiter of peace and war, mirror of his generation, and keystone of society—is he all this by virtue of the bone and muscle inherent, or by virtue of the fuss and feathers surrounding? Strip the royal owl and weigh him for yourselves; hide his crown jewels under a coarse cockaded Phrygian cap; seat him, for all his throne, on a pile of cannon balls in a casemate; turn his sceptre into a puffy gingham umbrella; for "Your Majesty" or "Sire" substitute plain "Citizen" or "Mr. Smith," and then see what the feathers were worth, and what is the value of the plume-less carcass beneath.

History shows us many such momentous balancings of feathers against flesh; as it has shown us many a lacquered idol crashing into fragments in the sight of a gaping generation, revealing the feet of clay glued on beneath the flowery edges of the upper robe, and exposing the baseness of the hollow brass of what the world had sworn by as solid guinea gold. And as in the past so in the future; what has been will be; and as we have not yet come to the end of the worship of feathers and the divinity of fuss, so have we not yet come to the end of the ridiculous exposure of the featherless, and the absurd lightness of trapping when weighed against the solid cubic inches of the inner substance.

Many are the people whose lives are made up of fuss and feathers; whose emotions are all fuss and feathers; whose education, mind, income, experience, are also all fuss and feathers; the feathers sticking out awkwardly enough at times, and showing the

naked flesh beneath. There is the wife of that Indian officer, well known to me, a plump, round-eyed, sleepy-voiced, soft-mannered woman, who has come home after ten years spent between the plains and the hills, with occasional dashes in camps, and once or twice a few jungle adventures to complete the picture. She has had wonderful opportunities for learning life and humanity, has this soft-voiced, many-feathered British matron of a certain age; yet she has not, I venture to affirm, a pennyworth of solid substance to a cart-load of flimsy feathers, fuss and feathers constituting the whole of her available moral capital and intellectual income, but giving her a rich appearance enough in the ivy-bush where she holds her court, and teaches the art of successful marrying to her young.

And yet what advantages she has had! She has travelled; she has crossed the broad seas; she has lived in a strange country; seen new manners; mixed with a foreign race; and heard the mysteries of an old and venerable faith—a faith which moulded civilization and humanity centuries before A. D. was written. But she has brought back nothing save pretence and show to the home ivy-bush where she sits mousing with her young. She makes a wonderful parade undoubtedly; she calls her dark-skinned nurse with the sheet wrapped round her "ayah," she says "cheep" to her children when they are more noisy than diverting; she sings little Hindustanee songs about taxa be taxa and the like; she calls luncheon "tiffin," and knows the mysteries of griffinage and pig-sticking; and she bores the whole society to death with reminiscences of her Indian life, and regrets for the paradise of "attention" which she possessed then and has lost now. But she knows no more. For all that constitutes real acquaintance with the people among whom she lived for ten long years, she is as ignorant as the babe unborn. And the like may be said of her husband, whose twenty years of service have taught him only that the inhabitants of Hindustan are niggers to be thrashed and swore at, but in no wise to be treated as equals or as gentlemen—not even the native princes nor the most highly educated philosophers—being dogs and niggers all; that Anglo-Saxon energy is indomitable and divinely guided, and Anglo-Saxon rule destined to be universal, no matter by what amount of misery maintained; and that the cream of all creation, entitled to despise every other human being as only just so much miserable skim-milk fit for feeding pigs, and fit for nothing else, is an Anglo-Saxon officer, wearing Her Majesty's uniform, and commanding colored troops north of Calcutta.

This is the sum of what that Indian officer and his wife learnt among the worshippers of Buddha and the high-caste Brahmins of untainted blood; but they give themselves out as authorities on all Eastern matters, from historical intricacies to ethnological mysteries; and no one in or about the Hampshire ivy-bush dreams of contradicting their opinions, or imagines that further depths of knowledge are possible to the Anglo-Saxon military holder.

These are types of the British resident in India and elsewhere—patterns of the great web of pride and ignorance which those who believe themselves to be a superior race spend their lives in weaving—minds all fuss, and solidity of appearance only feathers, but drafted off as rulers to our distant possessions. And then we wonder that the wheels of government sometimes run with a hitch, and that bayonets are not yet beaten into ploughshares, and that races of high-born gentlemen are not Uriah Heeps liking to be despised, and offering the other cheek to the smiter after he has given them a sound blow on one.

Take away both fuss and feathers, and many a portly life of rich appearance would sink into lean and meagre insignificance. Among them a certain style of philanthropists and public benefactors—a certain type of almsgivers—whose fuss and feathers, surrounding the small nucleus of fact, is like a thimbleful of powder expanding into a bon-constrictor six inches wide, and very demonstratively proclaiming its existence to the world at large, not present at the transformation. My wealthy uncle, who could pay off every sixpence I owe, and give me a handsome yearly income into the bargain without being sensibly a penny the loser, and who comes with vast parade of generous self-denial, and mighty blare of tin trumpets, to present me with a wretched old edition of the "Encyclopædia Londinensis"

bound in calf—what is he but a follower after fuss and feathers of the most unblushing kind? The "Encyclopædia Londinensis," flung in a good-humored way, for what it is worth—just the price of waste-paper and no more—would have been a gift like any other, neither better nor worse than its value relative to oneself; but given as my uncle gave it—given with a set speech solemnly spoken, of how it was my poor dear grandfather's, and stood in the old black bookcase at the right hand of the study fireplace, when they all lived down at Mouldewarp Hall; how my uncle and my father, and my aunt Kate and little aunt Henny used to be allowed to look at the pictures as a great treat on Sunday evenings—and how I, therefore, as the eldest of the younger generation, shall be made the proud possessor of this inestimable family memorial; yes, he, my uncle James, was determined that I, dear boy, should have it, feeling sure that I would value it as it deserved, and appreciate his generosity as it deserved, too,—when he gives that wretched old edition of a bygone dictionary in such a puffed-out grandiose fashion, what is he but a mass of fuss and feathers which it is one's duty to kick and force to collapse on the spot? The "Encyclopædia Londinensis," with Tightfit the bootmaker's last account in my desk; with Snippet's lawyer's letter in the clip; with the landlady getting red, threatening, and impertinent (no wonder!) as week after week glides by and her little bill is still unpaid; and that miserable old humbug, with five thousand a year, and spending five hundred, knowing all the time the agony I am undergoing, and offering me as an heirloom, to be deducted from my inheritance, a dingy set of broken-backed volumes, which I could buy for forty-shillings in the first second-hand book-shop I come to, and in better binding and preservation.

Another time he brought me a couple of cracked ostrich eggs, as an ornament for my second floor back; vaunting their rarity, their size and color, and how useful they would be to me in my studies on comparative anatomy, when I was deep in the problem of how to support life and gain knowledge as a medical student on thirty shillings a week, rent included. The eggs were all very well, I dare say, but not worth the fuss and feathers struck about them. In consequence of which, and the reaction so sure to follow, I pitched them out of the window as soon as the old humbug had turned his back, and in so doing acted like a fool; for at least I might have got half a crown for the lot; and half a crown in a weekly rental of thirty shillings is not the despicable sum which men of safe investments and large balance sheets contemptuously imagine it to be. Half a crown would have done wonders for me in those days; but I sacrificed my interest to my pride, and had immense satisfaction in the feeling of being able still to afford my pride. Perhaps that, too, was fuss and feathers of another kind.

When my uncle dies he will leave all his property to charitable institutions; speeches will be made in his praise; his memory will be embalmed in the parchment lists of benefactors to this and that and the other institutions; he will be called generous, munificent, benevolent, royal-hearted—the Lord knows what beside—but he will leave his brother's children all sticking fast in the blue clay of hopeless poverty, and he will not leave them the price of a wooden crutch to help them out of the mire. But then he will have come in for a post-mortem allowance of fuss and feathers; and as he has lived so will he die—a lean and meagre atomy, puffed out by false pretences into the dimensions of a living man.

My uncle's manner of dispensing favors and endowing with gifts is by no means rare; and, indeed, it may be taken as a rule, though not without exceptions, that the smaller the core the greater the envelope—the less the gift the larger the parade in giving it—the more skinny the carcass the more voluminous the feathers, and the more ample and expanded the fuss.

No circumstance of life is of so granitic a character as to destroy the possibility of fuss and feathers adhering. Take even religion, which ought to be the most highly vitalized as well as the most solid of all human conditions, and yet even here how often we find the core shrunk and withered, and only the outside appearances lively and in good case! Sensuous influences and spiritual excitement make up large portions of the fuss and feathers manufactured in the religious world; and many a pretty church-going maiden, enthusiastic for rigid Angli-

canism and choral services, would be no Christian at all among those who reprobate church music as an irreverent and decidedly profane amusement, and who confound genuflections and lighted candles, intoning and colored stoles, with idolatry and back-sliding. So, again, many a man and woman would absolutely refuse to believe in the vital faith of those who did not shriek and scream hysterically, and cry out that they had "got religion," and tear their hair, and hug their neighbors, as their idea of the revivalist fuss and feathers due to religious truth, without which can be no soaring upward, and no firm hold on divine things. Stripped to its veritable germ, reduced to its real residuum, the vital religion of many, belonging to either school of fuss, would be found to be but a small and meagre thing enough. But seated in the midst of their inflated envelope, they never see the shrivelled face of truth looking through the fuss and feathers surrounding—they never dream that the inner substance is withering away while the outside alone waxes fat, and that all this bulk and seeming solidity is nothing but a phantasmal appearance, ghostly and not granitic.

About Love, too, grow fuss and feathers of enormous size and gorgeous color; often good as a disguise to hide the poor little changeling child he is, and to make believe that he is the lusty, full-fed hero he appears. Passion, ambition—covering up the true form of unfitness or indifference—what are they but rainbow-tinted feathers stuck in with a little self-drying gum, and sure to fall off before the year is out, leaving poor fainting Love "naked to laughter" and dying by the rough wayside of life, never to rise again? Yet many a true heart has suffered itself to be deceived by the grand appearance of a feather-clad Love; and many to come will follow in the sad wake of those already lost and drowned; and changeling children, hideous and uncouth, will again, as often, be mistaken for the seraph-born, and their mis-shapen hideousness discovered only when too late—when life-blood, warm and rich, has been bartered for a temporary robe of downy splendor, evanescent and destructible. Often, too, the fuss and feathers are put on intentionally; and love is known to be only a changeling, and no seraph; and the miserable future, when the plumes lie well soiled and trodden in the mire of painful knowledge, is a fact too easily prophesied and foreseen.

The balance has been struck between truth and gold and truth has been turned face inward to the wall, or shut up in the gloomy vaults where the hidden secrets of each man's life crowd like spectres against the barred door; but gold has been hoisted on to the roof-top, where it makes a shining pyramid which the sun's rays gild into a flame of living fire, like to that men of old used to bow down to and worship—their descendants of the present generation bowing down to and worshipping the baser substitute. Between truth and gold the balance over-weights itself far too heavily for the weak sisters or world-befettered brothers to re-adjust; and so in like manner does a windbag stuck about with floss-silk and feathers, carry it over so many cubic inches of solid love, with no finery and no bright-shining envelope.

Then there is another kind of fuss and feathers, of which the bustling little women, shrill-tongued, quick-eyed, sharp-witted, keen-sensed, are the typical representatives. Like hens running to and fro in voluble and unending fuss, puffing out their feathers at every harmless dog, or—shyer, stealthier-footed cat, swelling with boneless importance, and doing their little best to look very big—so are those bustling little women elbowing their way through life, all fuss and feathers, and futile noise, and pretty self-assertion.

Talk of the aggressiveness of the strong-minded class—of the women who wear spectacles and carry alpaca umbrellas—who have big knuckles and bony shoulders, and a costume defiant of millinery laws, and a shibboleth defiant of ordinary prohibitions—talk of them as difficult to control and impossible to reduce to reasonable silence—why they are milk-and-water, bread-and-butter misses to be led by the tickling of a straw, compared to the irrepressible little hen women—those small, cackling, voluble, energetic lumps of fuss and feathers, always running about the farmyard with heckles up and wings spread, putting the whole world to rights, from the mastiff in his kennel to the sparrow on the tree-top, and making as much fuss over a broken eggshell as if chickens were phoenixes and the pattern was repeated only once in a hundred years.

A larger, and softer, and fleshier kind is also given to fussdom and the featherhood belonging. These are not the voluble, shrill voiced women with their feathers as sharp as so many arrows, and their fuss to be measured by lines all taken at acute angles; they are of a larger and more stately breed, slower in movement, and of a downier growth of plumage, and yet they are as entirely creatures of fuss and featherdom as the hen woman aforesaid, and with quite as small an inner nucleus, and one even less braced up and fibrous. Their fuss and featherdom have, however, a different direction. It consists, not in doing, but in being. They do not seek to set the world to rights on any subject whatever, and and they do not cackle about broken eggshells; but they sail out of their nests sunning their plumage as they go, and turning round on all sides to show an admiring multitude the gorgeous colors of their outside coverings.

Houses, dress, carriages, dinners, a visiting-list plentifully garnished with tufted crests and lion's manes—these are the feathers chiefly affected by the women we are looking at now; and their special form of fuss is the importance attached to such

problematical advantages. Diamonds of a finer lustre than my lady A's; a bonnet of a more adagious pattern than Mrs. B's; a carriage and a couple of high steppers, when Mrs. C. has only a shabby little brougham, with a miserable twenty guineas between the shafts; the last new fancy in the masquerade of meats; the latest improvement in savory oddities after the sweets; a live Chocotaw when the opposition has only a civilised Cingalese or a converted Jew—such are the aigrettes and plumes of which she makes her grand court dress; and when she wears it, she thinks it entitles her to a place among the notabilities of the court, raising her up above those who have suffered and have done. I know many women of this class; and some of them have been worthy enough when once taken away from the atmosphere of fuss, and the outward envelope of feathers.

Sermons are often only fuss and feathers—phrases of a certain twang strung together like a schoolboy's string of blown birds' eggs and as much divested of meaning, heart, and life. Such are the sermons of men whose duty is an irksome task to be got over the soonest possible—of men who think that a little pulpit-talk, glibly uttered, will stand instead of the more homely and less showy pastoral duties of visiting the sick, instructing the young, and bearing with the ignorant—of men who, neglecting the golden rule of "from the heart to the heart," make up a few frothy sentences of lip declamation, and then wonder that vice is as rampant, and dissent more active in their parishes than before! Fuss and feathers are the extra official speeches of Cabinet Ministers, when bound to say something, and afraid of saying too much—when the people on the one side, and the ministry on the other, are watching, like hungry dogs, for any scraps that may fall unawares, the one gaping for food, the other growling for prey. To such unfortunates as have the official seal upon their lips, yet are obliged to speak, the only thing possible is to take refuge in a windbag set about with feathers, and so to amuse their audience and the hungry dogs, the public, by blowing the plumed plaything dexterously in the air above their heads. Blow as they may the task is not an enviable one, and they are pretty sure to blow wrong, according to the compasses of some.

Fuss and feathers are all big books on small subjects—all pretences of composition, which are only dexterous compilations—all considerations of self, and the interest of self, instead of the best way of doing one's work, and how it can be made most perfect irrespective of the issue; fuss and feathers, half the music published in these latter times; fuss and feathers, more than half the poetry; fuss and feathers, the bride's favors, and the undertaker's plumes—all complimentary mourning which means no regret—and all complimentary congratulations which mean no kindly sympathy; fuss and feathers, the one-time serious office of sponsorship, which now means merely a silver mug or the christening robe elaborately wrought; fuss and feathers, the hundred and one "accomplishments" sought to be given to well educated young ladies, with the exception of womanhood, and the most necessary training in her right faculties left undone; fuss and feathers, quantities of our so-called civilization; fuss and feathers, almost all our amusements, many of our pleasures, and much of our business; fuss and feathers, a few of our sorrows; fuss and feathers, nine-tenths of our troubles; fuss and feathers, all that is exaggerated, unfounded, unpractical, and untruthful. From which point of view I fear that modern society is very fussy and very feathery; and that if we object to the windbags pervading, we must object to ninety-nine hundredths of what constitutes the march of civilization, and the law of modern life.

THE BACHELOR DREAMS.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The world is dreary, I am growing old,
Wife nor bairn makes glad my chamber still,
The wintry season cometh with its cold,
The hearth is dark, and the wind without is shrill;
Yea! twilight glooms around me—hope and power
Depart, like scent and color from a flower—
Yet, where I sit, sweet music floats to me:
'Tis the falling, falling, of a silver shower
Around a forest tree!

Ah! can I hear the scented rain intone?
Can I hear the leaves that stir and sigh?
Or hear I but the movement and the moan
Of busy folk that hurry darkly by?
Nay!—for a white hand lies in mine, sweet eyes
Shine on me, and a happy maiden cries:
Nay! for my blood again flows fresh and free,
To the falling, falling, of the shower that sighs
Around a forest tree!

And can it be so many years ago,
Since I clasped her, 'neath the leaves, that summer day?
And were there words of parting, words of woe?
Sits she among her children far away?
Can she hear the sweet and melancholy sound?
Doth she see the shining dewdrops on the ground?
Doth she flutter like the leaves and dream of me,
To the falling, falling, of the rain around
The murmurous forest tree?

The city closes round me, I am old,
Yet 'tis melody from country lanes I hear;
The wintry season cometh with its cold,
The hearth is dark, and the end of all is near;
Yet, love, the city fadeeth with its pain!
The old bright dream is drowsy on my brain!
And my life is flowing earthward fast and free,
To the falling, falling, of the summer rain
Around a forest tree!

THE ARGOY.

MR. CARLYLE AT EDINBURGH.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

Since the amendment of her constitution, seven or eight years ago, the University of Edinburgh has listened to some remarkable speeches—*or*, at all events, to speeches by remarkable men. Lord Advocate Inglis's Act gave the University a Lord Chancellor and a Lord Rector; and whatever duties might devolve on those high officials, that of delivering an address to the members of the University in the largest obtainable hall was one that could not be put by. At the first meeting of the General Council—a body consisting almost entirely of University graduates, and created by the Act referred to—Lord Brougham was elected Chancellor; and in due time the old man, almost bowed down by the weight of his gorgeous robe, appeared before the University, and discussed on things in general for over a couple of hours. The speech was attractive enough—to those at least who were near his lordship, and were able to hear it—but the greater attraction lay in the speaker. The speech was heard by few, the speaker was visible to all. And positively when he stood up before the University a certain sense of awfulness possessed one, when one thought of his immense age and intellectual vitality. Lord Brougham lives in the printed histories of England—and there he was a contemporary. He rocked the cradle of the Edinburgh Review. More than thirty years ago Byron closed his career at Missolonghi; but Brougham cut the pages of the new House of Commons, and indited the famous critique—famous not in itself, but in its issues—which stung the author into a poet. He was Canning's arch foe in the House of Commons. He advocated the abolition of the slave trade. He was in his prime when that old shameful affair of Queen Caroline and her husband—what ages seem to have passed over English society since then!—was in everybody's mouth. Before many of the men who listened to him were born he had climbed into a peerage, the highest offices of State, had culminated officially and intellectually—and still there he was, white and bent and shattered, with all his ancient vivid apprehensiveness and intellectual interests, and able to speak for a couple of hours. That his reception was enthusiastic was, of all this, the most natural consequence. It was remembered that last century he was a scholar of the University—that he went out of the University into the world's battle, a sheet of maiden silk; and now, after more than fifty years, and while not only England, but an entire Europe had changed in the interim, he had returned to the University, creased and frayed and torn, but torn in honorable strife, and heavy with the emblazons of many victories. He was a great speaker in a world which exists to the present generation by hearsay and in the printed page, and to hear him speak *thou* was like witnessing some superannuated "Victory" in the thickest of the fight at the Balta and the Nile—firing a salute, the old port-holes flashing fire once more, the old cannon smoke curling around the decks. Of the matter of the speech itself not much need be said—not a single sentence of it probably remains in the memory of any one who heard—but the sight of the old white Chancellor, who had seen and done so much, could not fail to impress itself indelibly on the memory and imagination. Lord Brougham was the elect of the General Council of the University; and when their turn came round to choose a Lord Rector, Mr. Gladstone inherited the suffrages of the students; and before the University the present Chancellor of the Exchequer has delivered two addresses; the first some years ago, when he was installed, and the second at the close of last autumn, when he demitted office.

On both of those occasions the interest of the University was great, but it was of a different kind from that formerly manifested. Lord Brougham won the prestige of memory. Mr. Gladstone the prestige of expectation. The one had finished his career long ago, the other was in the midst of his. Lord Brougham was the winner of past Derbys, Mr. Gladstone was entered for the next, and the popular favorite. Lord Brougham interested the University seniors, Mr. Gladstone the University juniors—the one represented the past, the other was the embodiment of the present. Critically speaking, Mr. Gladstone's addresses, if more polished and graceful than Lord Brougham's, were not on the whole of greater mental calibre. They were fluent, colorless, rhetorical, *expatiatory*—if one may coin a word to express one's meaning in the rough; and being devoid of every tincture of individuality, and glancing rapidly over the surfaces of things, they gave one no idea what manner of man the speaker was, or what quality of mind he possessed. The only thing which Mr. Gladstone made sufficiently evident was, that he could speak eloquently on any subject for any given number of hours. The balanced periods, as they fell on the ear, seemed to have a meaning; the sentiments evoked applause from the younger portions of the auditory, when they were uttered; but when read in the newspapers next morning, and divorced from the charm of voice, the whole thing seemed incredibly flat and unprofitable. The truth is that before the University Mr. Gladstone did not prove himself so much an orator or a thinker as an elocutionist. And his elocution was really something marvellous. His self-possession was complete; he stood beside the reading clerk in an easy attitude; his hands were not in-convincible; the Rectorial robe lent him dignity; the grave, severe, somewhat melancholy, almost ascetic face, furrowed and lined "like the side of a

hill where the torrents hath been," the finely-moulded mouth, with its immense capacity of scornful emphasis—of which perhaps Mr. Disraeli is sufficiently aware—was worth study; and then the voice—now silvery as Hebe's, now resonant in the higher passages, now solemn in the hereditary ones—of which passages there were perhaps a superabundance—who will sing its praises? Mr. Gladstone's voice is the first to which I ever listened; and during his valedictory address of nearly three hours—while my past life seemed to have been sponged out and obliterated, and as far back as flagging memory could extend her wing, the orator was still going on—no boresness jarred the music of his tones, and his closing sentence was as clear and bell-like in its cadence as the first. One would suppose that, as a general rule, to speak for three hours is a more arduous task than to listen for the same space of time; yet when he sat down, Mr. Gladstone seemed much less fatigued than any of his auditors. Mr. Gladstone has the reputation of being the most accomplished speaker of his time; and if in these addresses before the University he did not quite fulfil popular expectation, the reason was, perhaps, to be discovered easily enough. His addresses were carefully composed beforehand, and if recited as only Mr. Gladstone could, they were recitations all the same. On the occasions referred to he was master of the situation just as a preacher is on Sundays. There was no interruption to chafe, no opposition to excite, no heat of debate to energize and spur the intellect to an activity more than normal. Mr. Gladstone, speaking to the Metropolitan Scottish University about the old Greek poets; and Mr. Gladstone on a grand field night in the Commons, carrying fire and terror into the ranks of the Opposition, are conceivably two very widely-separated individuals. There is the same difference between rhetoric hot and rhetoric cold, as there is between red-flowing lava and porous pumice-stone.

Mr. Gladstone demitted office, and then it behooved the students of the University to cast about for a worthy successor. Two candidates were proposed Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Disraeli; and on the election day Mr. Carlyle was returned by a large and enthusiastic majority. This was all very well, but a doubt lingered in the minds of many whether Mr. Carlyle would accept the office, or if accepting it, whether he would deliver an address—said address being the sole apple which the Rectorial tree is capable of bearing. The hare was indeed caught, but it was doubtful somewhat whether the hare would allow itself to be cooked after the approved academical fashion. It was tolerably well-known that Mr. Carlyle had emerged from his long spell of work on *Frederick*, in a condition of health the reverse of robust; that he had once or twice before declined similar honors from Scottish Universities—from Glasgow some twelve or fourteen years ago, and from Aberdeen some seven or eight; and that he was constitutionally opposed to all varieties of popular displays, more especially those of the oratorical sort. But all dispute was ended when he was officially announced that Mr. Carlyle had accepted the office of Lord Rector, that he would conform to all its requirements, and that the Rectorial address would be delivered late in spring. And so when the days began to lengthen in these northern latitudes, and crocuses to show their yellow and purple heads, people began to talk about the visit of the great writer, and to speculate on what manner and fashion of speech the great writer would deliver.

Edinburgh has no University Hall—Mr. Gladstone holding high office therein for six years, and having the command of the purse strings of the nation during the entire period, might have done something to remedy that defect, many think—and accordingly when speech-day approached, the largest public room in the city was chartered by the University authorities. This public room—the Music Hall in George Street, will contain, under severe pressure, from eighteen hundred to nineteen hundred persons, and tickets to that extent were secured by the students and members of the General Council. Curious stories are told of the eagerness on every side manifested to hear Mr. Carlyle. Country clergymen from beyond Aberdeen came into Edinburgh for the sole purpose of hearing and seeing. Gentlemen came down from London by train the night before, and returned to London by train the night after. Nay, it was even said that an enthusiast dwelling in the remote west of Ireland, intimated to the officials who had charge of the distribution, that if a ticket should be reserved for him, he would gladly come the whole way to Edinburgh. Let us hope a ticket was reserved. On the day of the address, the doors of the Music Hall were besieged long before the hour of opening had arrived; and loitering about there on the outskirts of the crowd, one could not help glancing curiously down Pitt Street, towards the "lang town of Kirkcaldy," dimly seen beyond the Forth—for on the sands there, in the early years of the century, Edward Irving was accustomed to pace up and down solitarily, and "as if the sands were his own," people say, who remembered, when they were boys, seeing the tall, ardent, black-haired, swift-gestured, squinting man, often enough. And to Kirkcaldy too, as successor to Edward Irving in the Grammar School, came young Carlyle from Edinburgh College, wildly in love with German and Mathematics—and the schoolroom in which these men taught, although incorporated in Provost Swan's manufactory, is yet kept sacred and intact, and but little changed these fifty years—an act of hero-worship for which the present and other generations may be thankful. It seemed to me that so glancingly towards, and thinking of that noble friendship—of the David and Jonathan of so many years gone—was the best preparation for the man I was to see and

the speech I was to hear. David and Jonathan; Jonathan stumbled and fell on the dark hills not of Gilboa, but of Vanity; and David sang his funeral song. "But for him I had never known what the communion of man with man means. His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine eye came in contact with. I call him on this whole the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world, or now hope to find."

In a very few minutes after the doors were opened the large hall was filled in every part, and when up the central passage the Principal, the Lord Rector, the Members of the Senate, and other gentlemen advanced towards the platform, the cheering was vociferous and hearty. The Principal occupied the chair of course, the Lord Rector on his right, the Lord Provost on his left. When the platform gentlemen had taken their seats every eye was fixed on the Rector. To all appearance, as he sat, time and labor had dealt tenderly with him. His face had not yet lost the country bronze which he brought up with him from Dumfriesshire as a student fifty-six years ago. His long residence in London had not touched his Annandale look, nor had it—as we soon learned—touched his Annandale accent. His countenance was striking, homely, sincere, truthful—the countenance of a man on whom "the burden of the unintelligible world" had weighed more heavily than on most. His hair was yet almost dark; his moustache and short beard were iron grey. His eyes were wide, melancholy, sorrowful; and seemed as if they had been at times a-weary of the sun. Altogether in his aspect there was something aboriginal, as of a piece of unheaven granite, which had never been polished to any approved pattern, whose natural and original vitality had never been tampered with. In a word, there seemed no passivity about Mr. Carlyle—he was the diamond, and the world was his pane of glass; he was a graving tool rather than a thing graven upon—a man to set his mark on the world—a man on whom the world could not set its mark. And just as, glancing towards Fife a few minutes before, one could not help thinking of his early connection with Edward Irving, so seeing him sit beside the venerable Principal of the University, one could not help thinking of his earliest connection with literature. Time brings men into the most unexpected relationships. When the Principal was plain Mr. Brewster, editor of the Edinburgh *Cyclopaedia*, little dreaming that he should ever be Knight of Hanover and head of the Northern Metropolitan University, Mr. Carlyle—just as little dreaming that he should be the foremost man of letters of his day and Lord Rector of the same University—was his contributor, writing for said *Cyclopaedia* biographies of Voltaire and other notables. And so it came about that after years of separation and of honorable work, the old editor and contributor were brought together again—in new aspects. The proceedings began by the conferring of the degree of LL. D. on Mr. Carlyle, an old friend of Mr. Carlyle's—on Professors Huxley, Tyndall, and Ramsay, and on Dr. Rae, the Arctic explorer. That done, amid a tempest of cheering and hats enthusiastically waved, Mr. Carlyle, slipping off his Rectorial robe—which must have been a very shirt of Nessus to him—advanced to the table and began to speak in low, wavering, melancholy tones, which were in accordance with the melancholy eyes, and in the Annandale accent with which his playfellows must have been familiar long ago. So self-contained was he, so impregnable to outward influences, that all his years of Edinburgh and London life could not impair even in the slightest degree, that. The opening sentences were lost in the applause, and when it subsided, the low, plaintive, quavering voice was heard going on, "Your enthusiasm towards me is very beautiful in itself, however undeserved it may be in regard to the object of it. It is a feeling honorable to all men, and one well known to myself when in a position analogous to your own." And then came the Carlylean utterance, with its far-reaching reminiscences and sign over old graves—father's and mother's, Edward Irving's, John Sterling's, Charles Butler's, and all the noble known in past time—and with its flash of melancholy scorn. "There are now fifty-six years gone, last November, since I first entered your city, a boy of not quite fourteen, fifty-six years ago, to attend classes here and gain knowledge of all kinds, I know not what—with feelings of wonder and awe-struck expectation; and now, after a long, long course, this is what we have come to." (Hereat certain blockheads, with a sense of humor singular enough, loudly cackled!) "There is something touching and tragic, and yet at the same time beautiful, to see the third generation, as it were, of my dear old native land, rising up and saying, 'Well, you are not altogether an unworthy laborer in the vineyard. You have toiled through a great variety of fortunes and have had many judges.'" And thereafter, without aid of notes or paper preparation of any kind, in the same wistful, earnest, hesitating voice, and with many a touch of quaint humor by the way, which came in upon his subject like glimpses of pleasant sunshine, the old man talked to his vast audience about the origin and function of Universities, the old Greeks and Romans, Oliver Cromwell, John Knox, the excellence of silence as compared with speech, the value of courage and truthfulness, and the supreme importance of taking care of one's health. "There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What to it are nuggets and millions? The French financier said, 'Alas, why is there no sleep to be sold?' Sleep was not in the market at any quotation." But what need of quoting a speech which, by this time, has been read by everybody? Appraise it as you please, it

was a thing *per se*. Just as, if you wish a purple dye you must fish up the Murex; if you wish ivory you must go to the east; so if you desire an address such as Edinburgh listened to the other day, you must go to Chelsea for it. It may not be quite to your taste, but, in any case, there is no other intellectual warehouse in which that kind of article is kept in stock.

Criticism and comment, both provincial and metropolitan, have been busy with the speech, making the best and the worst of it; but it will long be memorable to those who were present and listened. Beyond all other living men Mr. Carlyle has colored the thought of his time. He is above all things original. Search where you will, you will not find his duplicate. Just as Wordsworth brought a new eye to nature, Mr. Carlyle has brought a new eye into the realms of Biography and History. Helvellyn and Skiddaw, Grassmere and Fairfield, are seen now by the tourist even, through the glamor of the poet; and Robespierre and Mirabeau, Cromwell and Frederick, Luther and Knox, stand at present, and may for a long time stand, in the somewhat lurid torchlight of Mr. Carlyle's genius. Whatever the French Revolution may have been, the French Revolution, as Mr. Carlyle conceives, it will be the French Revolution of posterity. If he has been mistaken, it is not easy to see from what quarter rectification is to come. It will be difficult to take the "sea-green" out of the countenance of the Incorruptible, to silence Danton's pealing voice or clip his shaggy mane, to dethrone King Mirabeau. If with regard to these men Mr. Carlyle has written wrongfully, there is to be found no redress. Robespierre is now, and henceforth in popular conception, a prig; Mirabeau is now and henceforth a hero. Of these men, and many others, Mr. Carlyle has painted portraits, and whether true or false, his portraits are taken as genuine. And this new eye he has brought into ethics as well. A mountain, a daisy, a sparrow's nest, a mountain tarn, were very different objects to Wordsworth from what they were to ordinary spectators; and the moral qualities of truth, honor, valor, honesty, industry are quite other things to Mr. Carlyle from what they are to the ordinary run of mortals—not to speak of preachers and critical writers. The gospel of noble manhood which he so passionately preaches is not in the least a novel one, the main points of it are to be found in the oldest books which the world possesses, and have been so constantly in the mouths of men that for several centuries past they have been regarded as truisms. That work is worship; that the first duty of a man is to find out what he can do best, and when found, "to keep pegging away at it," as old Lincoln phrased it; that on a life nothing can be built; that this world has been created by Almighty God; that man has a soul which cannot be satisfied with meats or drinks or fine palaces and millions of money, or stars and ribbons—are not these the mustiest of commonplaces, of the very utterance of which our very grandmothers would be ashamed? It is true they are most commonplace—to the commonplace, that they have formed the staple of droning sermons which have set the congregation asleep; but just as Wordsworth saw more in a mountain than any other man, so in these ancient saws Mr. Carlyle discovered what no other man in his time has. And then, in combination with this piercing insight, he has, above all things—emphasis. He speaks as one having authority—the authority of a man who has seen with his own eyes, who has gone to the bottom of things and knows. For thirty years the gospel he has preached, scornfully sometimes, fiercely sometimes, to the great scandal of decorous persons not unfrequently; but he has always preached it sincerely and effectively. All this Mr. Carlyle has done; and there was not a single individual perhaps, in his large audience at Edinburgh the other day, who was not indebted to him for something—on whom he had not exerted some spiritual influence more or less. Hardly one perhaps—and there were many to whom he has been a sort of Moses leading them across the desert to what land of promise may be in store for them; some to whom he has been a many-counselled, wisely-experienced elder brother; a few to whom he has been monitor and friend. The gratitude I owe to him is—or should be—equal to that of most. He has been to me only a voice sometimes sad, sometimes wrathful, sometimes scornful; and when I saw him for the first time with the eye of flesh stand up amongst us the other day, and heard him speak kindly, brotherly, affectionate words—his first appearance of that kind, I suppose, since he discoursed of Heroes and Hero Worship to the London people—I am not ashamed to confess that I felt moved towards him, as I do not think in any possible combination of circumstances I could have felt moved towards any other living man.

A QUAKER PEPYS.

In Boswell's "Life of Johnson"—that very best of biographies, of which Lord Macaulay says, "all the world reads it, all the world delights in it"—mention is made of a curious book published in 1776, and called, "A Spiritual Diary and Soliloquies," by one John Ratty, M.D., late of Dublin. This book, on its publication, had been described and ridiculed in the "Critical Review;" and Boswell, doubtless with the notion of exciting oracular utterances, had called his idol's attention to the subject. Johnson, not happening to be in a contradictory mood, condescended to be interested and amused; did not, after his manner on most occasions, browbeat his biographer, or scornfully and abruptly dismiss the topic suggested for their discussion; but, on the contrary, indulged, we are told, in much good-humored consideration of, and deep-toned "rhino-

ceros laughter over, simple Dr. Ratty's minute exposition of his state of mind, and register of his faults and failings.

The diarist was one of "the people called Quakers," and his book was published in what we may regard as the Quaker interest. He was a physician of some eminence in Dublin, and the author of various works of the scientific and historical character. He had produced "An Essay towards a Natural History of the County of Dublin;" "A Synopsis of the most celebrated Mineral and Medicinal Waters of the World;" a "Pharmacopoeia;" a "History of the Quakers in Ireland;" a "Forty Years' Chronological History of the Weather and Seasons, and of the prevailing Diseases in Dublin," and other works. His "Spiritual Diary" was published the year after his death; and, in pursuance of instructions in his will, was printed scrupulously from his original manuscript, without alteration or suppression. In the introduction to the diary, by an anonymous editor, is contained a testimonial signed by some fifty of the late doctor's Dublin friends. By this document, it appeared that he was held in high esteem as a skillful and successful physician, and was much beloved as an "exemplary member, both of civil and religious society." His temper is described as "pleasing and well guarded;" and he was deemed to be modest and mild in reasoning with people from whom he differed, even on important subjects. Temperate in eating and drinking; an early riser and an industrious worker; charitable to the poor, and daily placing his medical skill at their service; plain in his dress, and unostentatious in his mode of living; a constant attendant at the meetings of the religious body to which he belonged; and an approved elder, visitor, and counselor of the Quaker congregation, his valuable services had endeared his memory not only to the friends signing the testimonial, but, indeed, to all sorts and conditions of men.

It will be gathered from this that the "Spiritual Diary" was advanced in the service of the Society of Friends, by no means in the manner of a shocking example and warning to the wicked—"not," as the diarist himself puts it, "as the spiritual history of a man who had been addicted to gross enormities, but rather," as he goes on candidly to say, "of one of a fair character among men, and of some eminence for the practice of moral virtues." The book, indeed, was recommended to its readers as a pattern worthy of close imitation; the world was advised to commence the keeping of similar diaries. Much good, it was calculated, would come of such a course of conduct. Habitual seriousness of mind would be encouraged, and a beneficial tenderness of conscience cultivated. To such good uses was the "Spiritual Diary" designed. It is to be feared, however, that the expectations of its admirers and advocates in this wise were doomed to disappointment. The reception of the book by the general reader of the period could hardly have been satisfactory. Turning over its pages, we are bound to confess that, in spite of the smallest intentions, Dr. Ratty's work fully justifies both the satire of the "Critical Review" and the mirth of Dr. Johnson. Intense conscientiousness—and with this Dr. Ratty must unquestionably be credited—can only, under very exceptional circumstances, be provocative of any derision. Johnson was naturally a grave man enough; in dealing with grave matters, particularly so. He was little likely to regard with levity the honest seriousness with which Dr. Ratty registers his daily reflections and frailties. But in some situations we feel constrained to cry out as Steele once did—"Laugh! It is humanity to laugh!" And an occasion of this nature Dr. Ratty surely affords us. There is something humorous about the case of a man who is utterly non-perceptive of the humorous. Some ridicule inevitably attaches to the philosopher who, engaged in praiseworthy pursuits, is the while wholly unconscious that his proceedings, contemplated from a particular point of view, present a ridiculous aspect. If it be possible to respect a man, and yet to dash that respect with a slight infusion of ridicule, Dr. Ratty is an instance in point claiming that mixed and qualified kind of estimation. He is thoroughly in earnest—a painstaking, strict, devout man—keeping a precise list of his peccadilloes, real and imaginary, for his own chastening, and the benefit and encouragement of his fellows; sincere in his self-condemnation; eager for the welfare of the world around him. And yet, all this notwithstanding, it is hardly possible to study his pages, and preserve a serious face the while for three minutes together. Let us, then, to the "Diary and Soliloquies," content to admire with the author's Quaker friends, if we can; and, failing that, not unwilling to laugh in such good company as Dr. Johnson and the "Critical Review."

The diary of Dr. Ratty extends from the "13th day of the 9th month, 1753," to the "8th day of the 12th month, 1774," the Pagan names of the days and months being, according to Quaker fashion, strictly eschewed. Four months after the last entry, the doctor died at an advanced age. It will be seen, therefore, that the diary is, in fact, a chronicle of the last twenty years of his life. It fills two compact octavo volumes, with some 350 pages in each. The entries are numberless, varying in length, and of almost daily occurrence.

We must warn the reader, however, not to indulge in anticipations that the diary of Dr. Ratty, although it ranges over an interesting period, can compare in character and value with the curious journals of Samuel Pepys, Narcissus Luttrell, Horace Walpole, and others. Dr. Ratty is a monocular, introspective diarist; simply *spiritual*, to use his own word, and personal; by no means material and universal. His book does not admit us behind the scenes of the eighteenth century. We catch few

glimpses of the private life of the period. No cross lights are thrown from his writings upon the historical events of the time. We have absolutely no scandal about any one; no "little histories;" few traces of manners; no hints of costume; no anecdotes; no catalogue of *bon mots*; no dealings with the world of players and poets and painters. In some sort the doctor is a Quaker Pepys, if you can conceive such a creature; he punctually chronicles his own foibles; but he does so knowingly, intentionally, of a purpose, not with the charming unconsciousness of the Secretary of the Admiralty a century before, in Charles II.'s time. And Ratty's foibles are not of the Pepys order of foible. The doctor leads a solitary laborious life; occupied with his patients, his medical writings, and his duties among his quietest brethren; without domestic bickerings or jealousies, or anxieties, for there is no Mrs. Ratty to fill a place in his book corresponding with that occupied by Mrs. Pepys in her husband's journal. Then Dr. Ratty is no "play-haunter," as he himself phrases it; he is, indeed, especially severe upon such characters. He would have shrunk with horror from such people as "Beck Marshall," and "Knipp," and "Nelly," and other vivacious members of the Theatrical sisterhood, with whom Mr. Pepys was on cordial terms. He is a Quaker, with no feeling but of reprobation in regard to gaiety of apparel, or change in the fashions of clothes. The political world is not his world; State affairs are of no consequence to him. The intrigues of the government and the opposition, wars and rumors of wars, the crises in the lives of men and nations interest him in only the very slightest degree. It is curious to look through the Walpole papers, of the period corresponding with that embraced by Dr. Ratty's diaries. The events which are so exciting to Horace Walpole, prompting him to smart explosions and witty sallies in his letters to his numerous correspondents, fail to ruffle the Quaker's serenity. These matters do not concern him—come not before him in a spiritual sense. To judge from his diary, you would hardly conceive that any event of national importance had occurred during the twenty years of his chronicle. You would decide that it had been wholly a period of "small things." Clearly he never read a newspaper; certainly he never gossiped idly concerning the way the world was wagging. Once quite casually he ventures to compare "the incursions of the French" with the "plague of locusts." At another time he expresses condemnation of certain elders of the Quaker congregation ("elders—would be," he calls them, who are so illogical as to illuminate their houses in honor of national victories by land and sea. Here we have an entry "improving an occasion:" "Dismal wounding news from England (1768). Even the vain profusion of expense in diamonds, &c., on occasion of the visit of the King of Denmark. O, were the ladies as covetous of those inward ornaments with which Heaven is as ready to adorn them as it has done many of their sex, it would be a better world than this is!" Here another event is made available for moral objects: "The Prussian troops in five days (1760) marched ninety-five miles. This for an earthly, but what hast thou done for an heavenly acquisition?" Again we find further allusion to contemporaneous occurrences: "A year of wonders (1755), the banks falling, an earthquake, and our elders hastening to eternity!" But entries of this kind are by no means frequent in Dr. Ratty's diary. His is an indoor world; his cares and interest are confined within the very narrowest limits. "His mind to him a kingdom is," he very seldom goes abroad out of it.

In one portion of his book, the doctor gives what he calls "a short spiritual chronology," or sketch of his life. He states rather mysteriously that he "was born among a set of the most refined professors," and about his eleventh year was "transplanted to a school of the like"—whatever that may mean. From his thirteenth to his eighteenth year he was "at various mixed schools and among aliens," and was intent rather upon general than religious learning. Arrived at twenty, he was removed to "a family of Friends;" and there, he records, "a tender visitation of divine love took place in a sudden irradiation," tending to arrest him in his search after natural knowledge. Here, also, he confesses to an inclination to marriage, which was "overruled by a secret hand." At twenty-two, he was occupying lodgings in London with "not a nominal but a real friend." He went thence to Holland to complete his medical education. "There," he writes, "the object was all nature and physic, no grace; also serious thoughts of proper qualification for a livelihood, as I had scarce any patrimony." At twenty-five he began to practice, and soon after moved to Dublin, "even among brethren of high profession." But the formality and hypocrisy of divers of his brother petitioners offended him much. He was, however, preserved from hurt by an inward call—"Look not out, but in." He then embarked in his literary labors; which included a scheme for the improvement of the *Materia Medica*; a "History of the Quakers in Ireland," and "An Essay on Women's Preaching, with a Rebuke to False Prophets." From this last-named work, he admits "some censure ensued;" but he was preserved from "extreme measures." For five years, from 1740 to 1745, he was engaged on his "Natural History of the County of Dublin," and was, he writes, "led a long dance on birds, fishes, and fossils, and in competitions for information; and was greatly hurt in his spirituals by this means, preferring nature to grace, and moral righteousness to evangelical." Other works followed, notably his "History of Waters," which involved him in a three years' controversy, and indirectly brought upon him some "unrighteous calumnies."

[Continued on Page 4.]

I don't know whether all the establishments that don't advertise in the *HERALD* are destined to conflagration: but as a good Providence watched over Irving Hall the other night, I have hopes for the rest. By the way, go to Irving Hall on Sunday evening, and attend the seventh of the Grand Sacred Concerts which are going on there: and if you see Harrison, give him the sincere congratulations of *figaro*.

A CARD FROM MAX MARETZK.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—ITALIAN OPERA.

[This establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.] This establishment has been burned to the ground, but as I have no intention of soliciting pity or charity, and am incapable of using such a horrible catastrophe (which deprived several persons of their lives, and hundreds of the means of supporting their families) as a favorable opportunity to advertise my business, I will abstain from commenting on my present losses, and from heralding my future movements.

However, to allay any apprehensions on the part of artists, orchestral players, choruses, and other employes, I deem it consistent to declare that all engagements made for the next Fall and Winter seasons remain in full force, and that the operations will commence early in October next.

The public's faithful servant,
Boston Island, May 24, 1866. MAX MARETZK.

(For the Saturday Press.)

THE FLEAUR.

IX.

"Ego, si vis, quid cupis?
Pestilens Rutilus es, Gorgonius heros.
Læticus ac mordax videtur tibi?"

Horace in his day seems to have had some practical experience of the class of persons whose delight is to be offensive; who having no decency themselves, are unable to comprehend it in others.

This class did not die out with the decay of the Roman Empire. They seem to have the same right to existence that bugs and other vermin have.

I have seen it asserted as a reason for the existence of vermin that their quantity is in direct ratio to the amount of moral filth in society, and that the world will never be free from them until its human population is morally decent enough to preclude the possibility of their creation.

The literary class is probably no more infested with such creatures than any other, but from the fact of their ability to display their offensiveness in print, they are more noticeable. The *ROUND TABLE* for last week is an instance in point. It gave place in its columns to an article of personal abuse, directed against a lady, and this in what professed to be a review of a novel the lady had recently written.

Such personality, it is assumed in the article, is written in the interests of literature. It is an old saying that the devil can quote scripture, etc., but I suppose if he did so, no one would think it worth his while to attempt to confute him, or that the truth could either be injured or benefitted by anything his majesty could do.

And so it would not, in the long run, though at first some people might be deceived by it. The only matter for remark in the affair is that the *ROUND TABLE*, which makes pretensions to honesty and decency of purpose, and with which it is generally supposed there are gentlemen connected, should permit itself to be so used.

As every subject has two sides, it may be a matter of congratulation that all New York contains but one man capable of such an action. Of course he justifies himself as the emperor did with the excuse, *non est summus*; "the money has no bad smell about it." And yet I could not believe, had not evidence been repeatedly offered by the same person, that such an excuse could justify such meanness to any man's mind.

Sidney Smith once praised the author of a stupid book for having carried the bounds of pessimism further than had been supposed possible before his time; and Johnson once said in his positive way of some man, "Sir, he deserves great credit; God never made so stupid a man; he is the result of assiduous cultivation of some natural basis of stupidity."

If this view is correct, even such an ambition to excel is useful. For one who is interested in any and every manifestation of character, as serving to add to the material necessary for the comprehension of human nature, such eccentricities have their value. We can arrive from their examination at a correct idea of what a man should be, as doctors from disease learn what a healthy body is.

It is interesting and amusing, as is the comprehension of the small causes which produce great results; the small motives which often influence the actions of a life time.

I once knew a young lady who for years cherished a hatred against another, because this last had, in perhaps an envious moment, said that she had red hair. Now the young lady in question had always supposed that her hair was auburn.

Whoever was right was a question of fact, and the color of the hair in either case would remain the same.

Let us not put this off by assuming that it is only young women who can preserve so petty a cause for hatred and malice. For we men are just as bad. I know of a man, fully grown, with whiskers and all the apparent attributes of manliness, who for years with falsehood and slander maligning a lady at whose house he had been introduced by an injudicious friend, because she received him coldly, and intimated to him so plainly that she never wanted to see him there again, that even his obtuseness could not mistake her meaning.

Of course it was her right to select whom she chose to see, and in this case she was amply justified by the fact that he had spent what time he remained in her parlor in spitting upon her carpet in so filthy a way that she felt forced to apologise to the servant who cleaned it up after his departure.

Of course a man whose manners were so dirty, would always manifest any rancor he might feel in an equally offensive way. It would be the natural expression of his character; and our conduct always partakes of the nature of the motives which influence us.

Revenge in a noble mind, springs from noble motives, and can be noble. It is the cowardly and mean nature that acts the assassin, and stabs unseen.

Campbell once said of Rogers, who had the reputation of saying hard things of people, "If you want Rogers to say nothing against you, borrow some money from him, and you may be sure he will keep silent so long as you have not repaid him." I think I never heard a finer compliment to a man's natural or acquired goodness of heart.

THE FLEAUR.

(From Atlantic Monthly for June.)

BAD SYMPTOMS.

Mons. Alphonse Karr writes as follows in his *Les Femmes*:—"When I wish to become invisible, I have a certain rusty and napless old hat, which I put on as Prince Lutin in the fairy tale puts on his chaplet of roses; I join to this a certain coat very much out at elbows: *ch bien!* I become invisible! Nobody on the street sees me, nobody recognises me, nobody speaks to me."

And yet I do not doubt that the majority of M. Karr's friends and acquaintances, as is the case with the friends and acquaintances of nearly every one else, are well-disposed, good-hearted, average persons, who would be heartily ashamed, if it could be brought home to them, of having given him the go-by under such circumstances. What, then, was the difficulty? In what consisted this change in the man's appearance, so signal that he trusted to it as a disguise? What was there in hat and coat thus to eclipse the whole personality of the man? There is a certain mystery in the philosophy of clothes too deep for me to fathom. The matter has been decoated upon before; the "Hivamal, or High Song of Odin," the *Essays of Montaigne* the "Sartor" of Thomas Carlyle, all dwell with acuteness upon this topic; but they merely give instances, they do not interpret. I am continually meeting with things in my intercourse with the world which I cannot reconcile with any theories society professes to be governed by. How shall I explain them? How, for example, shall I interpret the following cases, occurring within my own experience and under my own observation?

I live in the country, and am a farmer. If I lived in the city and occupied myself with the vending of merchandise, I should, in busy times at least, now and then help my clerks to sell my own goods,—if I could,—make up the packages, mark them, and attend to having them delivered. Solomon Gunnybags himself has done as much, upon occasion, and society has praised Solomon Gunnybags for such a display of devotion to his business. But I am a farmer, not a merchant; and, though not able to handle the plough, I am not above my business. One day during the past summer, while my peach-orchard was in full bearing, my foreman, who attends marked for me, fell sick. The peaches would not tarry in their ripening, the pears were soft and blushing as sweet sixteen as they lay upon their shelves, the cantelopes grew mellow upon their vines, the tomato-beds called loudly to be relieved, and the very beans were beginning to rattle in their pods for ripeness. I am not a good salesman, and I was very sorry my foreman could not help me out; but something must be done, so I made up a load of fruit and vegetables, took them to the city to market, and sold them. While I was busily occupied measuring peaches by the half and quarter peck, stolidly deaf to the objurgations of my neighbor huckster on my right, to whom some one had given bad money, and equally impervious to the blandishments of an Irish customer in front of me, who could not be persuaded I meant to require the price I had set upon my goods, my friend Mrs. Entresol came along, trailing her parasol with one gloved hand, with the other daintily lifting her skirts out of the dust and dirt. Bridget, following her, toiled under the burden of a basket of good things. Mrs. Entresol is an old acquaintance of mine, and I esteem her highly. Entresol has just obtained a partnership in the retail dry-goods house for which he was a clerk during so many years; the firm is prosperous, and, if he continues to be as industrious and prudent as he has been, I do not doubt but my friend will in the course of time be able to retire from business with money enough to buy a farm. My pears seemed to please Mrs. Entresol; she approached my stall, looked at them, took one up. "What is the price of your—" she began to inquire, when, looking up, she recognized the vender of the coveted fruit. What in the world came over the woman? I give you my word that, instead of speaking to me in her usual way, and telling me how glad she was to see me, she started as if something had stung her; she stammered, she blushed, and stood there with the pear in her fingers, staring at me in the blankest way imaginable. I must confess a little of her confusion imparted itself to me. For a moment the thought entered my mind that I had, in selling my own pears and peaches, been guilty of some really criminal action, such as sheep-stealing, lying, or slander, and it was not pleasant to be caught in the act. But only for a moment; then I replied, "Good morning, Mrs. Entresol"; and, stating the price, proceeded to wait upon another customer.

My highly business-like tone and manner rather added to my charming friend's confusion, but she rallied surprisingly, put out her little gloved hand to me, and exclaimed in the gayest voice: "Ah, you eccentric man! What will you do next? To think of you selling in the market, just like a huckster! You! I must tell Mrs. Belle Etoile of it. It is really one of the best jokes I know of! And how well you act your part, too,—just as if it came naturally to you," etc., etc.

Thus she ran on, laughing, and interfering with my sales, protesting all the while that I was the greatest original in all her circle of acquaintance. Of course it would have been idle for me to controvert her view of the matter, so I quietly left her to the enjoyment of such an excellent joke, and was rather glad when at last she went away. I could not help wondering, however, after she was gone, why it was she should think I joked in retailing the products of my farm, any more than Mr. Entresol in retailing the goods piled upon his shelves and counters. And why should one be "original" because he handles a peck-measure, while another is *comme il faut* in wielding a yardstick? Why did M. Karr's threadbare coat and shocking bad hat fling such a cloud of dust in the eyes of passing friends, that they could not see him,

Now for another case. There is Tom Pinch's wife. Tom is an excellent person, in every respect, and so is his wife. I don't know any woman with a light purse and four children who manages better, or is possessed of more sterling qualities, than Mrs. Tom Pinch. She is industrious, amiable, intelligent; pious as father Aeneas; in fact, the most devoted creature to preachers and sermons that ever worked for a fair. She would be very angry with you if you were to charge her with entertaining the doctrine of "justification by works," but I seriously incline to believe she imagines that sort of her in that cushioned pew one of the mainstays to her hope of heaven. And yet, at this crisis, Mrs. Tom Pinch can't go to church! There is an insurmountable obstacle which keeps the poor little thing at home every Sunday, and renders her (comparatively) miserable the rest of the week. She takes a course of Jay's Sermons, to be sure, but she takes it disconsolately, and has serious fears of becoming a backslider. What is it closes the church door to her? Not her health, for that is excellent. It is not the baby, for her nurse, small as she is, is quite trustworthy. It is not any trouble about dinner, for nobody has a better cook than Mrs. Tom Pinch,—a paragon cook, in fact, who seems to have strayed down into her kitchen from that remote antiquity when servants were servants. No, none of these things keeps the pious wife at home. None of these things restrains her from taking that quiet walk up the aisle, and occupying that seat in the corner of the pew, there to dismiss all thought of worldly care, and fit her good little soul for the pleasures of real *devotion*; and that prayerful meditation and sweet communion with holy things that only such good little women know the blessings of;—none of these things at all. It is Mrs. Tom Pinch's bonnet that keeps her at home,—her last season's bonnet! Strike, but hear me, ladies, for the thing is simply so. Tom's practice is not larger than he can manage; Tom's family need quite all he can make to keep them; and he has not yet been able this season to let Mrs. Tom have the money required to provide a new fall bonnet. She will get it before long, of course, for Tom is a good provider, and he knows his wife to be economical. Still he cannot see—poor innocent that he is!—why his dear little woman cannot just as well go to church in a her last fall's bonnet, which, to his purblind vision, is quite as good as new. What, Tom! don't you know the dear little woman has too much love for you, too much pride in you, to make a fright of herself, upon any consideration? Don't you know that, were your wife to venture to church in that hideous condition of which a last year's bonnet is the efficient and unmistakable symbol, Mrs. A., Mrs. B., Mrs. C., all the ladies of the church, in fact, would remark it at once,—would sit in judgment upon it like a quilt committee at an industrial fair, and would unanimously decide, either that you were a close-fisted brute to deny such a sweet little helpmeet the very necessities of life, or that your legal practice was falling off so materially you could no longer support your family? O no, Tom, your wife must not venture out to church in her last season's bonnet! She is not without a certain sort of courage, to be sure; she has stood by death-beds without trembling; she has endured poverty and its privations, illness, the pains and perils of childbirth, and many another hardship, with a brave cheerfulness such as you can wonder at, and never dream of imitating; but there is a limit even to the boldest woman's daring; and, when it comes to the exposure and ridicule consequent upon defying the world in a last season's bonnet, that limit is reached.

I have one other case to recount, and, in my opinion, the most lamentable one of all. Were I to tell you the real name of my friend, Mrs. Belle Etoile, you would recognize one of the most favored daughters of America, as the newspapers phrase it. Rich, intelligent, highly cultivated, at the tip-top of the social ladder, esteemed by a wide circle of such friends as it is an honor to know, loving and beloved by her noble husband,—every one knows Mrs. Etoile by reputation at least. Happy in her pretty, well-behaved children, she is the polished reflection of all that is best and most refined in American society. She is, indeed, a noble woman, as pure and unsullied in the instincts of her heart, as she is bright and glowing in the display of her intellect. Her wit is brilliant; her *mots* are things to be remembered; her opinions upon art and life have at once a wide currency and a substantial value; and, more than all,

"No wet who that he ben?"

her modest charities, of which none knows save herself, are as deep and as beneficent as those subterranean fountains which well up in a thousand places to refresh and gladden the earth. Nevertheless, and in spite of her genuine practical wisdom, her lofty idealism of thought, her profound contempt for all the weak shams and petty frivolities of life, Mrs. Belle Etoile is a slave! "They who submit to drink as another pleases, make themselves his slaves," says that Great Mogul of sentences, Dr. Johnson; and in this sense Mrs. Belle Etoile is a slave indeed. The fetters gall her, but she has not courage to shake them off. Her mistress is her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Colisla, a coarse, vulgar, half-bred woman, whose husband acquired a sudden wealth from contracts and petroleum speculations, and who has in consequence set herself up for a leader of *ton*. A certain downright preexistence and energy of character, acquired, it may be, in bullying the kitchen-maids at the country tavern where she began life, a certain lavish expenditure of her husband's profits, the vulgar display and profusion at her numerous balls, and her free-handed patronage of modistes and shop-keepers, have secured to Mrs. Colisla a sort of Drummond-light position among the stars of fashion. She imports patterns, and they become the mode; her caterer invents dishes; and they are copied throughout the obelisk world. There are confections à la Colisla; the confectioners utter new editions of them. There is a Colisla head-dress, a Colisla pomade, a Colisla hat,—the world wears and uses them. Thus, Mrs. Colisla has set herself up as Mrs. Belle Etoile's rival; and that unfortunate lady, compelled by those noble-oblige principles which control the chivalry of fashion, takes up the unequal gage, and enters the lists against her. The result is, that Mrs. Belle Etoile has become the veriest slave in Christendom. Whatever the other woman's whims and extravagances, Mrs. Belle Etoile is their victim. Her taste revolts, but her pride of place compels obedience. She cannot yield, she will not follow; and so Mrs. Colisla, with diabolical ingenuity, constrains her to run a course that gives her no honor and pays her no compensation. She scorns Mrs. Colisla's ways, she loathes her fashions and her company, and—outbids her for them! It is a very unequal contest, of course. Defeat only inspires Mrs. Colisla with a more stubborn persistence. Victory cannot lessen the sad regrets of Mrs. Belle Etoile's soul for outraged instincts an insulted taste. It is an ill match,—a strife between greyhound and mastiff, a contest at heavy draught between a thoroughbred and a Flanders mare. Mrs. Etoile knows this as well as you and I can possibly know it. She is perfectly aware of her serfdom. She is poignantly conscious of the degrading character of her servitude, and that it is not possible to gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles; and yet she will continue to wage the unequal strife, to wear the unhandsome fetters, simply because she has not the courage to extricate herself from the false position into which the strategic arts of Fashion have inveigled her.

Now I do not intend to moralize. I have no purpose to frighten the reader prematurely off to the next page by unmasking a formidable battery of reflections and admonitions. I have merely instanced the above cases, three or four among a thousand of such as must have presented themselves to the attention of each one of us; and I adduce them simply as examples of what I call "bad symptoms" in any diagnosis of the state of the social frame. They indicate, in fact, a total absence of *social courage* in persons otherwise endowed with and illustrious for all the useful and ornamental virtues, and consequently they make it plain and palpable that society is in a condition of dangerous disease. Whether a remedy is practicable or not I will not venture to decide; but I can confidently assure our reformers, both men and women, that, if they can accomplish anything toward restoring its normal and healthy courage to society, they will benefit the human race much more signally than they could by making Arcadian out of a dozen or two Borrioboola-Ghas.

EDWARD SPENCER

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(Continued from Page 3.)

It will be seen that the doctor's life was not eventful; its material incidents, to judge from his own brief narrative, were not of an important character. But it is the spiritual side of his career that the doctor especially values; and it was with the object of bringing this in its most minute form under the notice of the world, that he left behind him for publication his "Spiritual Diary and Soliloquies." To this singular record of religious musing, small failings in the way of excesses at table, ebullitions of temper, indolence and over-indulgence in tobacco, particulars of medical practice and professional income, and details of Quaker congregational life, we will now devote more systematic examination.

The soliloquies with which the regular entries in the diary are interspersed are not very remarkable. Here is one, at the commencement of the tenth month of the year 1763; and it should be noted that, lest any mistake should arise as to which entry is to be accounted a soliloquy, and which a mere ordinary record, the word "soliloquy" appears at the head of every paragraph which the writer desires should be so accounted. "Soliloquy. O, the numerous occasions of real trouble to many others from which I am mostly free! My insolence, then, on trivial provocations, very criminal; and, although palliated, yet surely not excused, by bodily infirmity." A little further on we have another: "Soliloquy. What is the shadow to the substance? Such is writing compared to living; a humbling consideration." A year or two later we come to: "Soliloquy. Drinking a drop more than for health, in complaisance, is captivity to the world, from which, O Lord, deliver me henceforward." Here the soliloquy takes the form of a practical meditation upon the writer's own professional status: "Soliloquy. A physician in high reputation is like a carrion-crow—he thrives on the diseases and impending death of his brother; he appears only in the time of calamity and distress, and very often when all dependence on him is like that on a broken reed of Egypt. Happily I am not in this high reputation." Here we have a still more personal reflection: "Soliloquy. Sickish on a feast. What business hast thou with entertainments? They are all irksome and moribundous." In a later soliloquy the author becomes painfully aware of the fact that age is creeping upon him, and thus exclaims: "A third incisor tooth is mouldering. So the pillars give way." And in many parts of his diary he registers evidences of his decaying health and strength.

The first sentence of the diary, not expressly described as a soliloquy, is as follows: "The week past has been conducted with moderation, and the mind untroubled from inordinate application, by diversion, on principle, chiefly by riding." Then the diarist proceeds to note: "My brother P. outstrips me in spiritual fortitude."

But the most remarkable entries are the self-condemning minutes, of which the following are specimens:

"1758. 9th month, 18th day. Two sudden transports of passion.

12th month, 1st day. Twice unbridled cholera.

12th day. Guilty of laying hands on one too suddenly.

28th day. O, my barrenness, and my bitterness on provocation!

1754. 2nd month, 11th day. Weak and fretful. Licked spittle in two places. Insolent in two others.

3rd month, 2nd day. Feasted a little beyond the holy bounds, and was most righteously chastised by a subsequent sickness and diarrhoea. 18th day: Feasted beyond the holy bounds with two dear bewitching friends.

5th month, 5th day. War proclaimed against the flesh in smoking, in indulgence in lying in bed, and in hastiness.

12th month, 15th day. Native ferocity and perverseness. Old Adam, yet unslain, sticks like birdlime.

17th day. An hypochondriac obnubilation from wind and indigestion. Feasted *meo more* on cake and tea, being sick at stomach, which was followed by cheerfulness, as from a load taken off.

1755. 3rd month, 29th day. A blessed repast of bread and water for dinner. A sovereign cure for indigestion, and no danger of a debauch.

9th month, 28th day. An overdose of whiskey. 29th day. A dull, cross, choleric, sickish day.

1756. 4th month, 16th day. A little incubus last night on too much spinage.

5th month, 19th day. A little of the beast in drinking.

6th month, 17th day. Feasted a little piggishly. 7th month, 29th day. Although I dined with the saints, I drank rather beyond bounds.

1757. 2nd month, 26th day. Cursed (!) snappishness to those under me on a bodily indisposition.

6th month, 10th day. Drank to the utmost bounds, if not beyond. 11th day: Headache, the just result of yesterday's excess.

7th month, 29th day. Feasted with the saints, and to the utmost bounds.

12th month, 6th day. Mechanically, and perhaps a little diabolically, dogged this morning.

1760. 1st month, 21st day. Snapped at a pauper in the streets.

1762. 7th month, 24th day. A church journey to a country meeting, and a sad humbling incident. On a little shrub and water the head was affected so as to hurt my service in the visit.

1764. 3rd month, 31st day. Yesterday's claret not hurtful, but beware of glutinous to-day.

1765. 3rd month, 20th day. The upper region a

little clouded by an inadvertent overdose of spirits.

1767. 4th month, 18th day. On a church expedition, after a small dose of punch and the agitation of the carriage; was not fuddled, but less clear in the upper region, so far that it obscured the exercise of my talent in the religious visit which followed.

1770. 5th month, 8th day. The dose of the drink previous to the public meeting was somewhat too large, occasioning heaviness."

Hundreds of similar specimens of these curiosities of diary-keeping may be found by the careful examiner of Dr. Ratty's book. It is fair to the doctor, however, to state, lest from the above catalogue of infirmities of temper and appetite he should be unfavorably estimated, that his editor attributes to him "an uncommon tenderness of conduct," and alleges that it was enough for him to pass the line of rectitude by a hair's breadth to blame himself severely; that he frequently exceeded in the stringency of his sentences upon himself, and "accordingly he often gives no better name to his making a full meal at a feast than eating *excessively* or *piggishly*, and terms the taking a glass of wine beyond his usual stint *transgressing the holy bounds*." The reader will, however, gather that, after all, Quakers are but mortal; that the "superfluous glass" now and then presents charms they find it not possible to resist; that for them, as for other and weaker men, a sting sometimes exists in the tail of a feast, and the headache of the morning follows hard upon excess of "comotation" over night.

Concerning details of Dr. Ratty's medical practice, it will be seen that his diary conveys some curious information. Here are a few extracts on the subject:

"1754. 4th month, 10th day. Morose. An ebbing time with regard to fees, but how far short of the miseries of many in this trying juncture.

12th month, 25th day. Finished my cast up. I am a hundred pounds less rich than a year ago.

1755. 10th month, 18th day. Eleven patients and not one fee and my patience abused considerably.

(The pun upon the word *patients* in this entry is clearly involuntary and inadvertent.)

11th month, 29th day. The medical profession exhibits strongly the vanity and wickedness of the world, where the more work the less pay.

1757. 3rd month, 2nd day. Seven patients, mostly paupers. Lord give relief to the entertainment.

4th month, 28th day. In a low and mean way am I exercised in practice.

1758. 3rd month, 18th day. Seven patients without a penny. Even as usual.

10th month, 28th day. Eleven visits and no fee. Blessed be the Lord.

1768. 11th month, 6th day. Success in medicine; remarkably happy whilst I attended church business.

1765. 10th month, 7th day. Sinfully impatient with patients."

Of his life as member of the Society of Friends, his attendance at meetings, his quarter visitings and preachings, the doctor makes frequent mention;

"1758. 9th month, 23rd day. A good time a meeting. Truth was triumphant in the ministry.

12th month, 23rd day. A good deal of chaffy appearances at meeting."

Lest there should be any misapprehension as to the precise sense in which the word *chaffy* is to be understood, and in case the reader should prematurely conclude that Dr. Ratty was acquainted with the modern and slang application of the term, we hasten to add another extract which may be regarded as interpretative in that respect:—"A silent meeting, but what then? Words are but wind. I press after solid grain and not chaff."

"1754. 1st month, 6th day. My effeminacy manifested in the disease of *thou*.

4th month, 2nd day. Visited the women on occasion of the novelty of mourning habits.

11th day. A visit to the false brethren who pay tithes: but N.B. there are greater faults to be warned against.

1755. 1st month, 17th day. Paid a visit to a play-haunter.

4th month, 29th day. Social visits to two play-haunters.

1756. 3rd month, 26th day. Almost sick of the lukewarmness of brethren in admonishing play-haunters.

1763. 4th month, 21st day. Inadvertency in the absurdity of *thee* contrary to my own doctrine. 25th day. The minister shone at meeting, and I held up his hands as an elder. Thither I fled from patients, but they followed me: this was irksome, but I submitted with a little reluctance.

5th month, 27th day. Afternoon meeting extremely dull. Sleep beset me. But light and truth triumphed in the sequel.

12th month, 15th day. Our citizens are light and frothy, choosing rather to go to a wire-dancer than to a grave, serious entertainer.

18th day. Not one-tenth of the women at the afternoon meeting: a little rain extinguishes their fire; they are carnal.

1764. 6th month, 10th day. A temptation to abscond from meeting repulsed.

1765. 1st month, 31st day. Good news from Derry. Their play-house is transmuted into a meeting-house.

1770. 2nd month, 14th day. Further detection of

the cursed trade of bill-broking among the professors of truth.

6th month, 19th day. At yesterday's meeting we were blessed in wetting one another up to church duties.

8th month, 10th day. Some sons of Belial had proclaimed an association on the day devoted to divine worship; but my brother prevented it by a timely application to the Lord Mayor.

1771. 6th month, 2nd day. Neither men nor devils shall persuade me that I am not growing in grace."

Before closing Dr. Ratty's book, we were anxious to discover if any evidence existed of similar dialling being kept by any of his Quaker brethren, and with that view we diligently searched his pages. The only entry, however, at all bearing upon the question was the following:—

"1759. 8th month, 15th day. An agreeable surprise in my travels. [The doctor is engaged on what he calls an "Ecclesiastical Journey to the County of Wicklow."] An inn-keeper and sincere convert keeps a Spiritual Diary also, with whom I henceforward contracted a fellowship."

It is possible that the same innkeeper is referred to in the rather later entry of

"1760. 6th month, 12th day. A sweet history of a *rara avis*, a conscientious innkeeper."

There is nothing to show, however, that the Spiritual Diary of the conscientious innkeeper has ever been given to the world. The loss is unquestionably the world's. Perhaps, in the shopman's phrase, one trial was sufficient; and the unfavorable reception of Dr. Ratty's journal fully proved that the literary market was not open to a further supply of such "trivial fond records."

As we all know—at least we have been told it often enough—a man cannot be a hero to his *salet-de-chambre*. Can he be a hero to himself?

The critical reviewer ventures to allege broadly, *apropos* of Dr. Ratty, that few men-writers have gained any reputation by recording their own actions. He reduces the egotists to four classes. In the first class he places Julius Cæsar, telling his own story with peculiar grace and dignity, and his narrative supported by the greatness of his character and achievements. In the second class, we have Marcus Antoninus giving us a series of reflections on his own life:—"his sentiments so noble, his morality so sublime, that his meditations are universally admired." In the third class are placed writers such as Huet, Bishop of Avranches (who published a volume entitled, "De Rebus ad eum Pertinentibus"); in this division private history gains interest and importance from its intermixture with literary anecdote and contemporaneous narratives. In the fourth class rank the journalists, temporal and spiritual: "Elias Ashmole, William Lilly, George Whitefield, John Wesley, and a thousand other old women and fanatic writers of memoirs and meditations," including our quietist friend, John Ratty, of Dublin.

It is the old story of familiarity breeding contempt. If we stand too close to the hero, we fail to appreciate his heroic proportions. Intimate acquaintance with the small matters that make up a man's life, saps and fritters away our reverence for that life as a grand whole. We lose breadth and force of view when details are thrust too obtrusively upon our attention. Microscopic examination is very well, but if such a thing were possible, we don't want a whole man under a microscope. For all our minute investigation, we should form no better or truer judgment of him. We should arrive at a more unpleasant but hardly a more just conclusion on the subject. And if this be true of the hero, how much more so of poor Dr. Ratty, by no means a hero, or anything approaching it?

A good man, doubtless, and yet a foolish and a morbid too, it is impossible to admire, even if we refrain from despising him. If he found the keeping of his spiritual journal salutary, so far as he was himself concerned, well and good—there is nothing more to be said on that head; but when he bequeaths to the world his record of peccadilloes as something from which his fellows may derive benefit and comfort, we are inclined to denounce his legacy as a warning rather than an example.

The book is simply Hamlet's confession of failings beaten out into two volumes (not that Dr. Ratty ever dreamt of quoting the melancholy prince: he would have held him in horror as a "play-haunter," or something worse; for did not Hamlet adapt from the Italian the tragedy of the "Mouse-trap" for performance before King Claudius?) "I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do, crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all."

The Ratty creed is very much of this character.

THE GRINGE FAMILY.

I.

If an antiquary were to amuse himself hunting up all the queer families in the land, and then pick from each the queerest member, and so make up a new family, queerest of the queer, he would at the end have gotten together pretty much such a bunch of odd creatures as sat together on a certain October night.

A lamp of oldest machinery (ante moderator, ante argand even), and of dullest oil, burnt lazily on a

spindle-legged table beside a tall old man. He had the fee, of that illumination all to himself for what-ever business he was about; so that it very much presented the notion of a light in the cave; and the other figures, who were all bold fast in the shadows, might have been smugglers dividing their booty, or brigands asleep, or any other denomination in the world. Brigands or smugglers, there was present there a barbarous crew enough, made up of these human items:—

Tom, primogenitus, and unlikened beyond all creditability: Gill, cadet, and rather more unlikened, if such were possible—which exhausted the male line. There was then Sue, primogenita in her sex; rough skinned and raw-armed, rude in dress, uncombed hair, with high cheek bones. She might have gone out a charing or a cooking by the day, or as aid to the scullion, and been accepted as such without demur or smallest astonishment. That was Sue. Here was Sal, her sister: a gawk, long in body, reaching nearly to her father's head; always in her own way, in everybody's way. Sal could not so much as stretch forth her arm without hitting or knocking something down. Then there was the Imp or Puck of the family, baptismally known as Hannah Maria, but familiarly, and without any disrespect in the world, hailed as Froggy. She was a dwarf, virtually, but without a deformity. She leant over to the he-side, having a hoarse, gruff voice that made you start. She did nothing from morning till night, not a hand's turn for any one save wagging of her tongue in the coarsest way, being a good one at abuse and at hitting on stinging names. There was also Jen the gentle, keeping to her fold father like wax. There was the old French poodle, joint pet of old Gringe and Jen. There was the African hound, pet and delight of Tom, Gill, and the Imp.

The whole crew, men, women and dogs, were kneeled together in the huge sitting room. But a word—just one word—for Tom. Tom was the great uncouth member of the Gringe family. In the Irish tongue he was *gawg*; which syllable stands for mouth projected foolishly; for cerebral conformation on the lines of the late Messieurs Burke and Hare; for inarticulate animal noises in lieu of the ordinary signs of assent or dissent; for horse-laughter, mild and on draught, always ready: for he was of the stables, stably, having been suckled, weaned, and reared on those premises. Grooms had been his dons, and he was senior wrangler of the great equine university. Ostler was his classic world; his Olympian Jove sat aloft on the coach-box. In short, the Gringe family had no manners, no breeding, no schooling, no catechism. They were all in a sort of mourning for their mother, who was Gringe's second wife. Excepting little Jen, they were in fact nape of his; being brought into the family with her. However, he accepted them without complaint; and in his house they grew and fattened. She, good soul, had been of *every-grain nature*, and of *Jaume persuasion*; having supernatural jumper lights—the waiting for which consumed most of her time. So, having brought them up, as she fancied, in strict Jumper principles, she had turned over on her side one morning, and died with great decency under the hands of the Reverend Joshua MacGarbriar, J.M.P. Not, however, before she had bound up her harum-scarum offspring to reverence, respect and care for the father she left to them. For, in all their roughnesses they had a soft corner and a sort of rude attachment to this mother. Nay, Gill, the savage, was observed shedding big tears about the size of hailstones. Tall old Gringe therefore fared well among them.

II.

Tom sits on the floor in sweet fellowship with the hound, busy cutting up a stick, or rather, club. He is all in the dust and dirt of the corner. Gill, who is the savage, is busy walking up and down, his hands in his pockets, whistling; making kicks at fanciful footballs, and rasping his great hobnails on the floors. It has extraordinary charms for him, that fanciful football play. Jen is on a stool at Gringe's feet; the old French poodle being in that region too. Sal sits at the fire, her long legs well out before her, resting on the hob. Sister Sue asleep, with her head on her red elbows, as though she were just come off char and had had a hard day of it. The Imp is in the middle, wide awake, indeed; hopping on one leg, and chattering eternally with that boy's tongue of hers. Her eyes are shooting busily to all sides, seeking something to be at, and her two arms are akimbo. When she gets tired of standing with her arms akimbo, she sets off on a progress of mischief. For she is highly ingenious in the discovery of subtle and annoying tricks. This was her evening's diversion (his or hers to doubtful stranger) all the year round: no lack of piquancy in it for being so often repeated. Thus, to take this very October night as a sample: Remember that Sue is sleeping stertorously after that figurative charring, and that Long Sally is surveying her unnatural feet with a dreamy stupidity. The Imp—furnished with a wisp of stout brown paper, which she ignites gingerly—hops over on tiptoe to where Sue is nodding over the fire. As comes natural to brown paper, no flame results; but prodigious clouds of smoke. Then, turning with a whisk, into the likeness of Puck, she holds it knowingly under the nose of unconscious Sue, who snorts uneasily, and goes through all manner of diverting convulsions; but in the end is waked up, only on the bare verge of suffocation. Such gaspings and clutchings for breath were never seen: Puck all the while shrieking with laughter. But our char girl, when somewhat brought round,

fetters up a huge coal and launches it furiously—to be dodged, however, by shrieking Pack. It lights on Gill the savage, who starts with a growl, and swears. Another shriek from our Pack. But Sue—just now all but asphyxiated, is not to be so balked; and, jumping from the chair with her big arms squared, offers to fight the Imp, or any of them. Which, as before said, was very much the tragedy-comedy of every night of the long year, as well as of this special Friday night.

All this while Old Gringe had been sitting thoughtfully back in his high chair, regarding their antics wearily, with his hands sometimes over his face, sometimes on the head of little Jen; with his eyes at times fixed to the ceiling with a stony stare; at times racing round the room like horses, neck and neck. Now a sigh, now a groan, now a clasp of his thin fingers together. There must have been some deep anguish and distress of mind at the bottom of all this (it may as well be hinted at once, it was something penitential) the whole mystery of which lay in the fact that this night was a Friday night, and that the month was the Ulalume month of October. Like enough there had been a wrong done of an old Friday night in an old October month. However that might be, after a long spell of such weary throes, he turned to little Jen and said softly, "Lend me your arm, child, while I go up to my cabinet;" and so leaning on her, who was as his stick always, he passed out of the room and was presently unlooking that notable buhl cabinet of his.

"Father," says little Jen knowingly, "you want to fetch down the big writing-book?"

"I do child," he answered, "and to-night above all nights in the year. O, if I could but write my soul clean and clear!"

Jen thought he must have done that long since if writing could do it: for every night of their lives, unfailingly, the big book came down. It was drawn forth from a little safe inside the cabinet, which had a spring and a click, and a shooting bolt; and that little safe was inside again of a little cupboard; so there was positively no getting at the big book. Little Jen wondered what he wrote in it; but never asked. So he came down; and, with the racket raging high about him, began to write. No one therefore, heard those short groans and weary heart-sore sigh that came from him as he warmed to his writing work. It was, indeed, likely enough that Mr. Gringe had somewhere among his chattels that ugly thing known as a closet skeleton. It was rather a great swollen human body, all purple and blue with decomposition, such as the curious may see every day through the glass windows of the Morgue. This horrid visitor used to come forth every night and walk up close behind him, and never go until nearly morning. An importunate, insolent, horrid visitor—never to be denied seemingly—more importunate on this October night than on any other in the year.

"Restitution, restitution!" he whispered to himself, his pen writing the words he whispered, "which has been sounding ding dong in my ears for so long back: it is the only cure, the only salvation. Better work-house than such a hell of thought and—"

Here the universal racket struck in, and general outburst. The Imp having privily fixed a needle upright in a chair where she knew Tom would sit down. She lost a good bunch of her hair by the transaction.

"Here is another year come about now," he wrote on. "A year more of wretched thought and conflict, and not one step nearer to a resolve. Riches never brought with them so complete a Nemesis! It must end. Restitution it must be!"

With that he took forth a great foolscap sheet, and began to write something headed, "I, John Gringe, being of sound mind and body," etc., etc., and worked down steadily to the foot, when it would have been a very perfect instrument, indeed, but for the absence of the signature and the two attesting witnesses. But the poor brain-tossed man had written a whole century of such instruments; yet not one of them was ever executed. For there were other influences tagging at him, making the second party to the conflict. "Then these poor wretched wretches must go out and beg, or starve and die. Restitution or starvation! Starvation or restitution; which, which? And all my doing!" Here he covered up his face; and swinging his long upper person to and fro, groaned and groaned again.

Perhaps it was this that prevented his taking heed of a letter that little Jen had been vainly pushing into his hands for the last few seconds. The post-man had just brought one. He opened it and began to read mechanically; but was presently trembling all over with excitement. Yet he merely said in a low voice, "It wanted but this—it wanted but this!" and read it through some half-dozen times. The letter was on soiled paper, was dated from the mean house-of-call in the city, and was very short,—so short that it may be given here:—

OLD THREE TUNS INN.
DEAR MR. GRINGE:—You have never seen me,—very likely never heard of me. I am the daughter of your brother, Will Gringe, who, as you may remember, went out quite destitute to the Gold Fields, with his family, and died there of starvation. My husband, who went after them, is dead some two months since, of a fever. I am left with a child, and without a farthing in the world. Help me if you can.
Your niece,
MARY CORAM.

"Poor soul!" he said, "if she only knew!"

III.

Such a night as that budget brought to him! Old Gringe tossed and wrestled, and sobbed over his dead brother and family, saying that it was all his work, and seemed likely to go mad. No one heard those ravings though, for his room was fast barred.

Next day he had gotten on deeper mourning, and had sent to the Three Tuns house-of-call, for Mistress Coram.

She came in a trice, and was standing before him, demurely, with her little girl of some six years old. A tall, black-eyed, reflective girl (for she was no more than a girl), of very few words, but prodigious observation. She took them all in—in her careful first glance—and was digesting the fruits of that observation all the time after. Old Gringe, who at first has covered up his face, thinking he sees his defunct brother, trembling bids her be of good cheer, for she shall not want for anything while he lives (no, nor after, he adds to himself). She shall come, he tells her, and live with them—she and her child; to which she answers shortly, that Uncle Gringe is very good to her, and that she will try and be as useful as she can.

The family gather round and survey her curiously; much as the Otaheitan folk did Captain Cook and his men. Nay, Tom the Gaum approaches, and, with a stupid reverence, lays his hand upon her sleeve, making as though he would worship like the poor savages. But she at once, and without more ado, had taken off her bonnet, and was busy setting things to rights which she pronounced to be in confusion. Before the end of the day, she was about as much at home as though she had been there a whole twelvemonth—nay, had taken up a quiet tone of influence and authority over the wild crew, which they fell under at once, unresistingly.

"You are as bad as Borjemen, dears," she said, positively calling them dears: "you are really too old for these child's tricks! Only consider, Tom a great strong man like you ought to be working and helping your family!"

"Dig! the fields, eh? plough, eh?" Tom asked with a wise look. "Ecod, I'll think of it."

Gill the savage stopped his kicking all at once, and the Imp's occupation seemed to be gone. It was only little Jen who stood away from her, looking at her distrustfully and keeping close under the shadow of old Father Gringe. Mrs. Coram knew it well, too. Having said to herself, as she measured them all round, "This is to be the only rebel!" For all that, she was dear Jen, good little Jen, and what not.

Before the week was out old Gringe protested that Mary Coram was the greatest comfort in life to him, and she had wrought the completest reform in the house's economy. No riots at night now. She was teaching the girls women's work, and the men useful things. A great woman was Coram; but she had eyes always open, and there was one little matter that exceedingly mystified her.

"Tom, dear," she said, one day, when Gringe was rooting upstairs among the lumber, "Tom, dear papa seems to take a deal of trouble about his accounts every night!"

"They're not accounts," says Tom, "they're his life and adventures. My eye! they must be full of dogs and horse-racing; don't unthink so!"

"And, Tom dear," she went on, "has he always those fits going to bed of nights?"

"Aye," says Tom, "whist, Cousin Coram, don't tell now on me; but I've known, I think governor is feared o' being hung! So does Gill and Sue. Like enough he's got a body on his mind, aye!" And he walked away mysteriously on tiptoes.

"Tom has, really, for a fool," she said to herself, "wonderful powers of observation."

"He must keep it under his pillow," she said (it was at this time a good hour past midnight, and Snorer's Oratorio was being performed noisily; she standing with a dark lantern at old Gringe's bedside), "he must keep it under his pillow," she said, reflecting.

Nor was she out; for, putting in her hand softly, it rubbed against the key and brought it out. A long, ancient, quaintly-shaped key—the key of the buhl cabinet. She went over softly, and fitted it in carefully. Though it gave a short shriek in turning, and Old Gringe moved uneasily in his bed, it did not stay her; for she knew that old men slept heavily. Then there were the inside safes, and the shooting-bolts; and there, at last, was the writing-book, with its key beside it. Moving the dark lantern full upon its pages, she began to read hastily, up and down. Very curious revelations they were; giving her, as it seemed, extraordinary satisfaction. It was the same story written over and over again (say five or six hundred times), with unmeaning tautology; begun and written out afresh nearly every night; for this sort of confessional practice gave the writer relief and comfort.

"May Heaven in its infinite mercy forgive me," headed nearly every page. Forgive him what! a single but heinous transgression. Here it is in a sentence: his starved brother had been the eldest brother, and their father's pet, and, by ingenious sophistry, prodigious lying, with terrible calumny, he had gotten that father to cut off the eldest with one shilling; to drive him from the door with a paternal curse, and to brand him publicly. The poor outcast had gone forth to struggle, and had, day by day, sunk lower and lower, until it was ended by starvation and death.

As she read the same story told over and over again, her face was contorted with fury and something like grief; not for a few seconds did she perceive that there was another person standing beside her looking also at the book. No other than little Jen. She was caught in the act.

"You spy!" said Coram, in a rage, "go to bed!"

"I shall tell father in the morning," little Jen answered.

Coram laughed under her breath.

"You had better," she said. "I know a secret of his. Take care, my girl, don't play tricks with an old man. You might put him out of the world."

And little Jen went off to bed, cowed for the time.

Coram's plot, from that night forth, was wonderfully ingenious. Old Gringe, who had done murder in her eyes, was fraudulently in possession of her money and her child's. The feeble old wretch should be brought to make what atonement was left to him; which indeed he was struggling every night to do.

Here was her tactique, or at least a hint of it; for she wrought it out in a thousand subtle and complex ways; never losing sight of her aim for an instant.

One of those lonely October nights when all, save the two, were gone to bed, she was sitting beside him, close under the dull influence of the lamp, harping on the one theme till long past midnight. Abundant tears from her as she told, so naturally and minutely, the sad history of her father's slow decadence; of his weary progress downward into the poor man's slough. Painfully she dwelt on his wrappings, his spasmodic struggle and poor shifts; his gasping for life and substance, up to that final collapse and miserable ending in a lonely place and strange country. Not a throb, not a pang was passed over by her, bending over to the dull flame. It was all told in a low mysterious voice; while Old Gringe, with sharp face, bent forward to the lamp also, and, his thin fingers clutched together, hearkened and breathed hard. Thus she would send him up to bed, reeling and tottering, at something past one o'clock.

"You may be sure that the mottled Morgue's man had a brave night of it. While she, the torturer, would smile to herself, as she stood alone when he was gone, and say, softly, that it would do. Indeed, it promised fairly enough, for those being of sound mind and body. Papers came thick and fast, one being drawn out nearly every day. But always incomplete; without signature, without attestation. She knew well of all these maimed and halting instruments, and stamped impatiently in her chamber. But she held on fast to her torture, working it remorselessly, but ingeniously.

"Dearest uncle," she said, "there is some mystery over the business. Poor father often said that wicked people had got between him and his father, and poisoned his ears against his son. I think so too. But who?"

"Who, indeed?" said Gringe, trembling.

Coram (in a low, subdued voice). "They were murderers, uncle—real murderers. There is blood on their hands at this moment. Don't you think so, uncle?" (No answer.) "Their wretched souls are haunted with remorse; and, in another world, they will have murderers' pay! Don't you think so, uncle?"

This treatment certainly ought to do; but she noticed, with uneasiness, that little Jen, who had been always held to be silent as a church mouse, had begun to talk with him at length, and in private; and that he seemed to be soothed by her talk. Little Jen, too, was looking at Coram defiantly, almost ever since that night of discovery. Perhaps, if she held the poison, little Jen had the antidote. Likely enough; for she once overheard little Jen something to this effect:—

"Father, you have something on your mind. Tell your own little Jen? Or don't tell me a word of it." And she would unfold—good as any preacher—what comfort, for even greatest sinners, lay in certain good books and treatises.

Coram hated little Jen; but still her poison was better than little Jen's antidote, and worked all this, while it was getting on to the last of October. Here was another bit of her tactique, which she plied simultaneously:—

"Gill," she said, "I thought you loved horses and riding?"

"So I do," says Gill, rapping out an oath.

"Then why don't you ride?"

"Why? because the old man won't keep a horse for 'un."

"Well," she answers, "all young men of your age have horses, and ride."

"Have they now?" said Gill. "So they have, I believe."

"Your father should let you have a horse; you don't cost him much in other things."

"Dang him, he shall," says Gill. "I'll speak to 'un to-morrow."

"Tom," she says at another time, "how much pocket-money does your father give you?"

"Not a copper," Tom says, opening his eyes wide.

And thus she worked on Sue and Sal; until, before not many days, they had all, as it were, struck for wages, and had given the old man a bit of their mind. He met them surlily, and told them to get about their business. Nearly open riot was the consequence. Gill was a greater savage now.

Little Jen that same evening came up to her privily, and with courage.

"Cousin Coram," she said, "you are a wicked woman. It is you who are setting them all against father. But I promise you I will tell him all about the book, and that night, and what a hypocrite you are. I know your game."

"Bah!" was the only reply she got.

The truth was, Coram knew she durstn't speak; for they were now approaching very fast to thirty-first of October—a date written down very often in the book; and it was noted how Gringe was getting hourly more excited and more miserable. She, too, had read of that date, and was looking out for its approach. The conflict within him seemed to rage terribly; and, outside, the insurrectionists gave no peace. With angry growls and menaces they assailed, gathering round him at all hours.

"Give 'un home!" "Money!" they shouted at him, until he grew furious at last, and shook his

poor, impotent fist at them, and all but cursed them.

Executioner Coram, vigilant torturer, never slackened an instant in her insidious work; and as little Jen stood in her way full as much as the others, she very gingerly put a spoke in her wheel also. Something in this way it was: Old Gringe, raging and tearing over his book, shedding miserable tears, and vowing there is no salvation for him here and hereafter; that evil genius exhorts him to spiritual comfort at the ministrations of the Rev. Josh Mac-Scarabrier, or even at her hands. Why not tell her the secret of the book, as well as to little Jen? Note how cleverly this is put. The old man wakens from his dreams.

"Jen," he says, angrily, "knows nothing of this book! Or, does she?" For he had noted, with angry suspicion, how his key had plain marks of being disturbed from under his pillow, and his book was not in the same spot in his cabinet. With trembling eagerness, he puts Coram to the question, and extracts from her reluctant soul, that she had indeed surprised little Jen one night fiddling at his cabinet. But strict secrecy as to this revelation was enjoined. Henceforth distrust and sour glance at poor Jen. But, by that time, it had finally come to be the morning of the thirtieth of October, eve of that mysterious thirty-first.

IV.

A gray, cold, shivering day, with keen, razor-edged blasts all abroad; dark, sunless, and dispiriting. The crew, who were, as it were, on a strike, prowled sullenly in corners, as if they too felt its influence. Old Gringe was not seen at all; but kept himself close in strict retreat in his own chamber. He must have written prodigiously; for every time that Coram's ear was laid to the keyhole, it heard the feeble scrapings of a pen over paper.

It grew darker, colder, and more miserable, until it came to five o'clock, when the Reverend Josh MacScarabrier—sent for at Gringe's own request—arrived, and was shown to Gringe's own chamber. That swaddling divine ranted and raved, and shrieked eternal torments at him, for a good two hours; until, indeed, froth gathered on the man's mouth, and his eyeballs protruded. He then went his way.

Finally, about seven o'clock, the old man himself came tottering down, candle in hand, looking like a true ghost; quite ghastly, and all shrunken away since morning. The skin was tightened, drum-like, over his face, and he was bent down like a tall tree in a gale. The day, and the Reverend Josh MacScarabrier, conjointly, had done their work. What was to be the end of it all?

But, when that spectral figure came tottering in feebly, the candle dancing up and down in his fingers, looking just as though he had come from his family vault, instead of his room, he found complete Pandemonium rife. Then came Babel noise and confusion; and a ring formed in the centre of the room, with cries of "Well done!" "At him, boy!" and other encouragement. In short, there was a dog-fight going on between the poor old French poodle and the hound, being set against one another by the crew; not being got to fight, it must be owned, without difficulty. Just as the old man entered, the sport might be said to be over; for the old poodle had toppled over on his head, and was kicking out his lean hind paws in extremity of death; the hound having made his fangs meet in his throat. A very easy victory it was. Somewhat sobered, the crew looked round, and were quite scared at seeing this ghostly old man shaking his shrivelled arm at them, invoking speechless punishment on their heads, and then tottering away as he came. They heard him call feebly for Coram, who came to him.

"Tell Scrivendish and his clerk," he said, "to be here the first thing in the morning."

Joyfully and sweetly she laid herself down to rest that night; for she knew now that everything would be signed, sealed, and delivered, with perfect regularity, in the morning. True, little Jen had come to her, and told her that she now saw what her wicked plot was; that she, Coram, was killing her poor father by inches, with what end she knew perfectly, and that, surely as the sun rose, she would go to him and expose to him the whole plot.

"Bah!" said Coram, with a loud laugh.

The morning of this anniversary—the thirty-first of October—was now come, and Scrivendish and clerk were waiting below in the gloomy chamber. They were shivering; blue with cold. They were bidden to be in waiting at eight o'clock, punctually, and there they were at eight o'clock with writing materials all ready. Coram came down with secret glee.

"You are to go up-stairs, gentlemen, I hear Mr. Gringe stirring in his room. Please to walk up."

Old Gringe, with face sharpened from overnight into hatchet shape, peered out at them from the half-opened door.

"Who are there?" he said, in a prying, inquisitive way. "O! I know now. Walk in. Be seated. Everything is very comfortable, as you see."

They walked in, and got out their papers.

"Glad to see you looking so well," Scrivendish said, not regarding much the truth of his speech.

"We had a death in the house last night, sir," Gringe went on; "an old poodle dog, sir. A very sad thing. He is to be interred to-morrow with every respect."

Scrivendish looked at his clerk.

"You wished your will, sir, to be drawn?"

"So I did," said Gringe; "are you ready?"

"Quite," said the other.

"Just wait a second," said Gringe, "going over

